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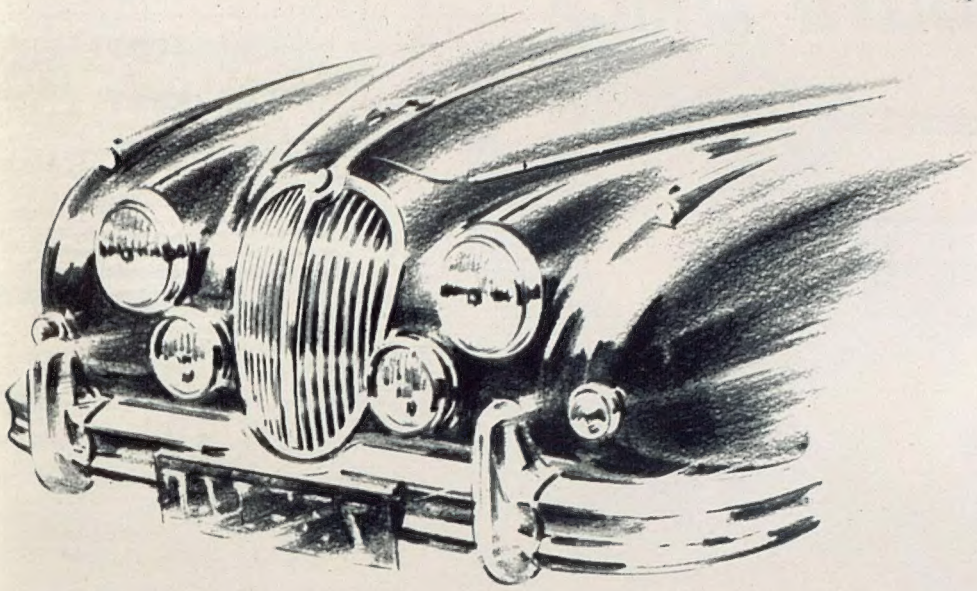

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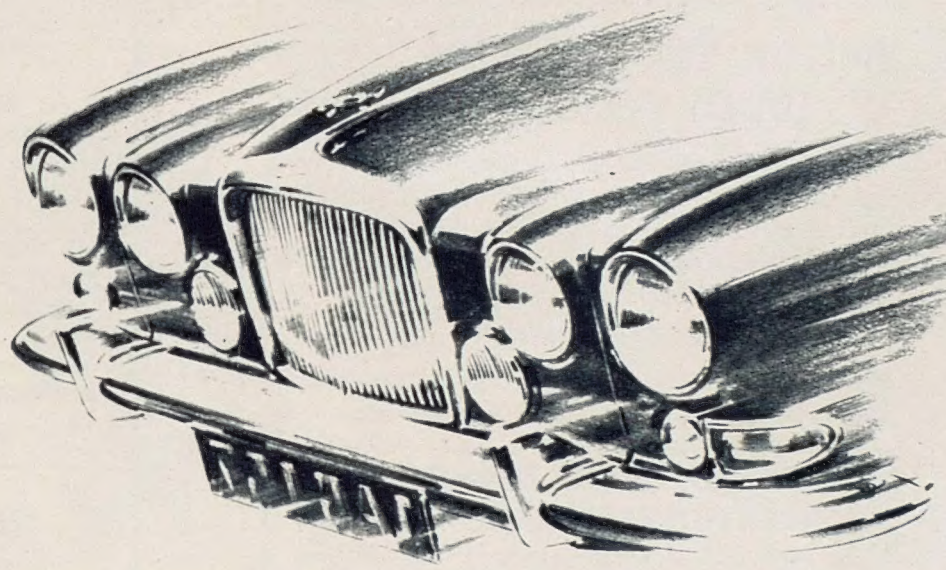

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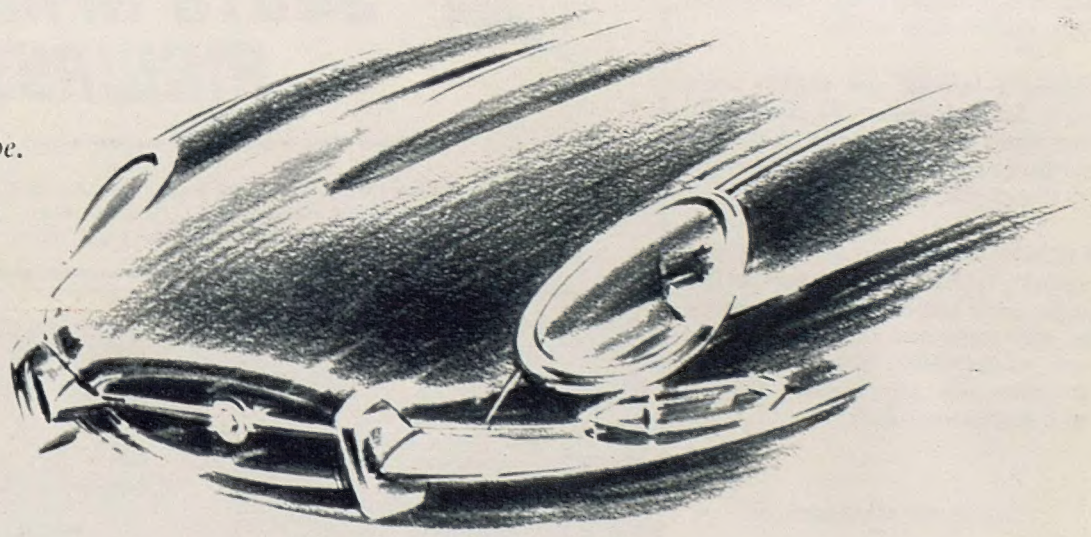

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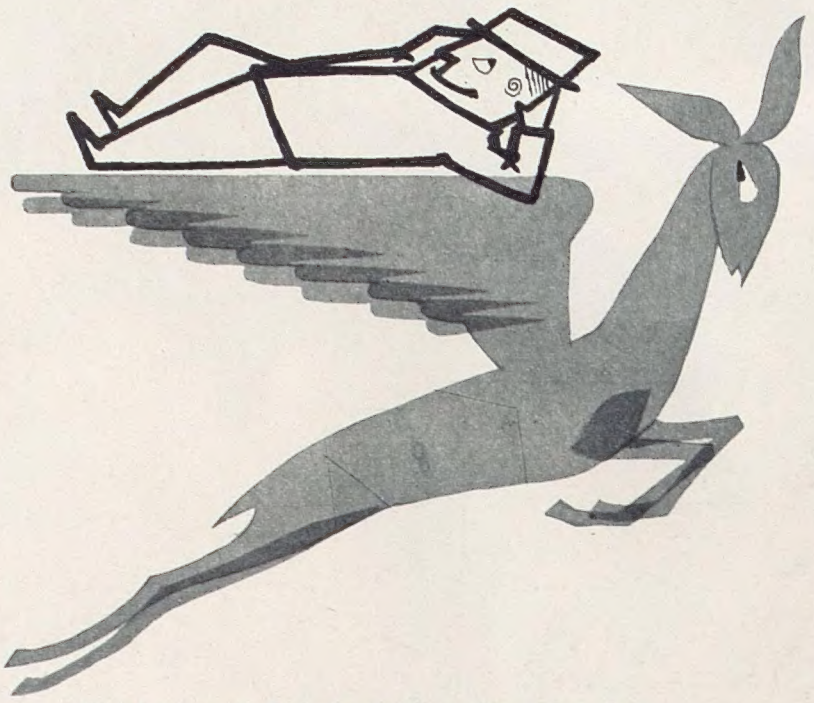

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Volume CCXLIX No. 3239

LONDON, June 30, 1962

THE SPHERE

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With which are incorporated *The Graphic* and *Black & White*

MR. MACMILLAN WALKS THE PLANK

The Prime Minister steps warily as he leaves a home-built hover-scooter, *Skimmer II*, which had been demonstrated at the Conservative Party rally and fete at Luton Hoo, in Bedfordshire. Speaking at the rally, he said the Government would proceed, undaunted by criticism, with its " two great policies," namely entry into the Common Market and an incomes policy based on fairness and common sense. Mr. Macmillan's remarks on British participation in Europe were considered the most emphatic declaration he had yet made of his belief in the great advantages which would accrue from Common Market membership. However, with the reassembly of Parliament this week after the Whitsun recess he was expected still to walk warily in his approach to this and many other questions. The distribution of industry in Britain, the future of the railways under the new railways board and the state of the cotton industry—all could be related to Common Market problems—were to be matters for debate in the opening days of the session

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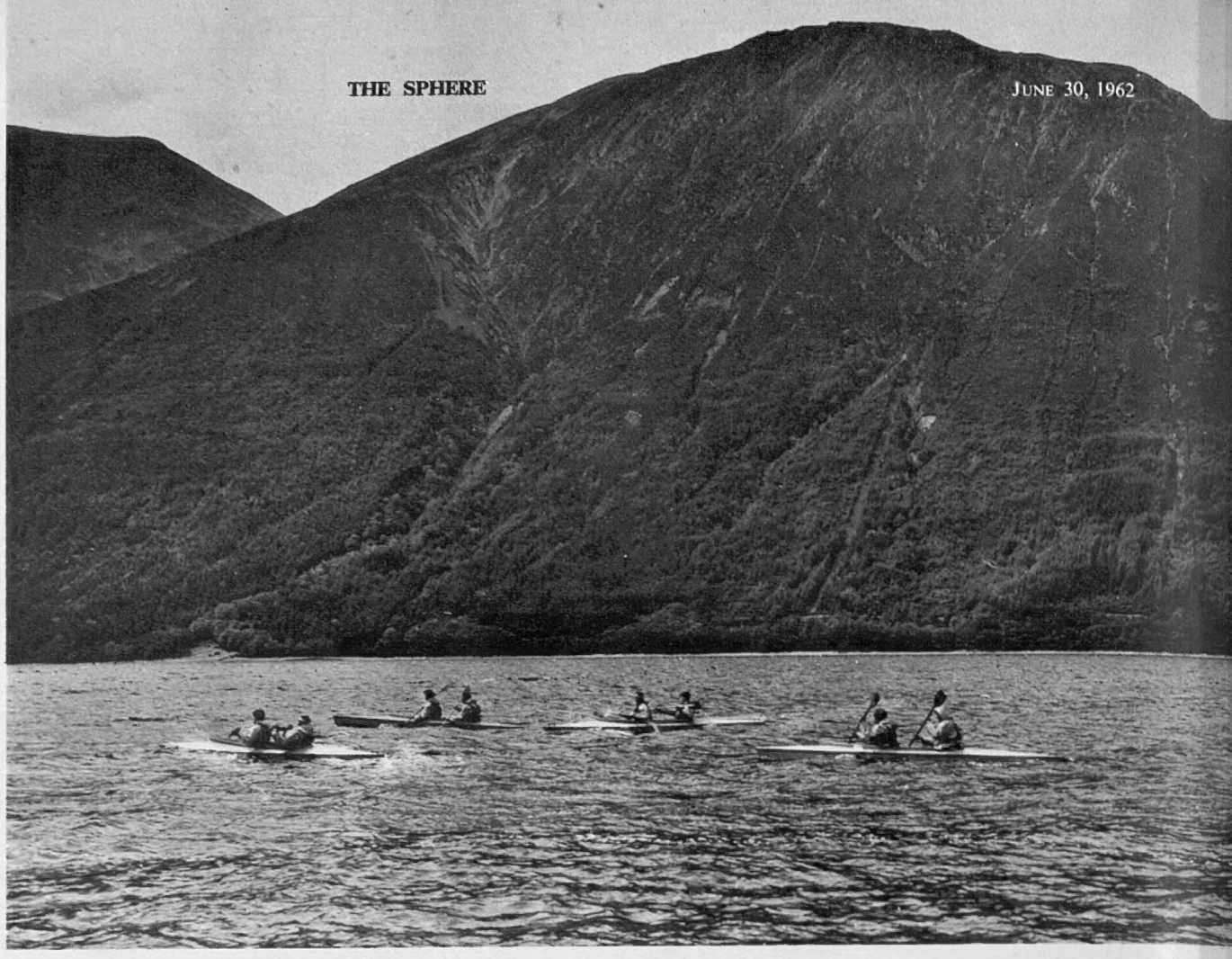
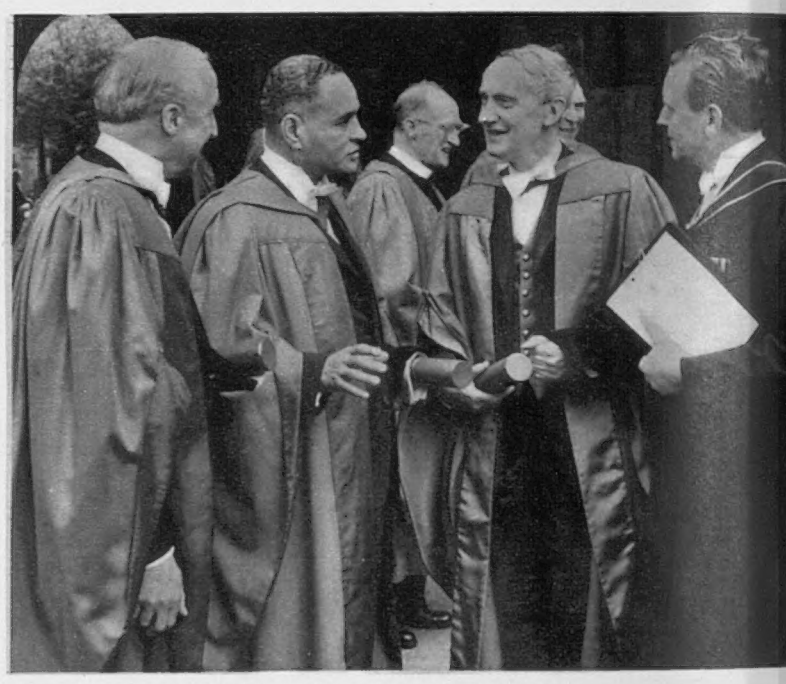


AN ARDUOUS CANOEING EXPEDITION DOWN LOCH LOCHY IN SCOTLAND

Canoeists of the Moray Sea School paddle down the centre of Loch Lochy. The twenty-four youths had never canoed before on an expedition, although they had all received one-and-a-half day's training, and they were forced to keep out to the centre of Loch Lochy, where conditions were calmer in a choppy sea. During their 28-day expedition in Scotland in June, the group had intended to canoe from Loch Duich to Glen Elg but conditions made them canoe down the Caledonian Canal instead. During the twenty-eight days the boys also crossed Scotland from the east coast to the west on foot and sailed round the Pentland Firth in the sailing school, *Prince Louis*. The Moray Sea School, at Burghead, Moray Firth, mounts expeditions mainly for boys from industry

BRITISH TELEVISION FOR SIERRA LEONE

Below right: Sir Milton Margai, Prime Minister of Sierra Leone, with Mr. James Coltart, managing director of the Thomson Organisation. He was in London for talks with the British Government principally concerning the £137,000,000 five-year development plan for his country. It was announced last week by Mr. John Nelson-Williams, the Sierra Leone Minister of Information and Broadcasting, at a Press conference in London, that Scottish Television Ltd., part of the Thomson Organisation, had been appointed to establish a television service in Sierra Leone this year, primarily for education rather than entertainment. Mr. Nelson-Williams went on to pay tribute to Mr. Roy Thomson and Mr. Coltart as responsible to a great extent for the achievement of establishing a television service so suited to the needs of Sierra Leone



DR. BUNCHE HONOURED BY GLASGOW UNIVERSITY

Far right: After the honorary graduation ceremony in Bute Hall, Glasgow University, are, from left, Sir John Maxwell Erskine, Dr. Ralph Bunche, Lord David Cecil and Professor Esmond Wright. Thirteen men and a woman were honoured by the University, including Dr. Bunche, U.N. Under-Secretary

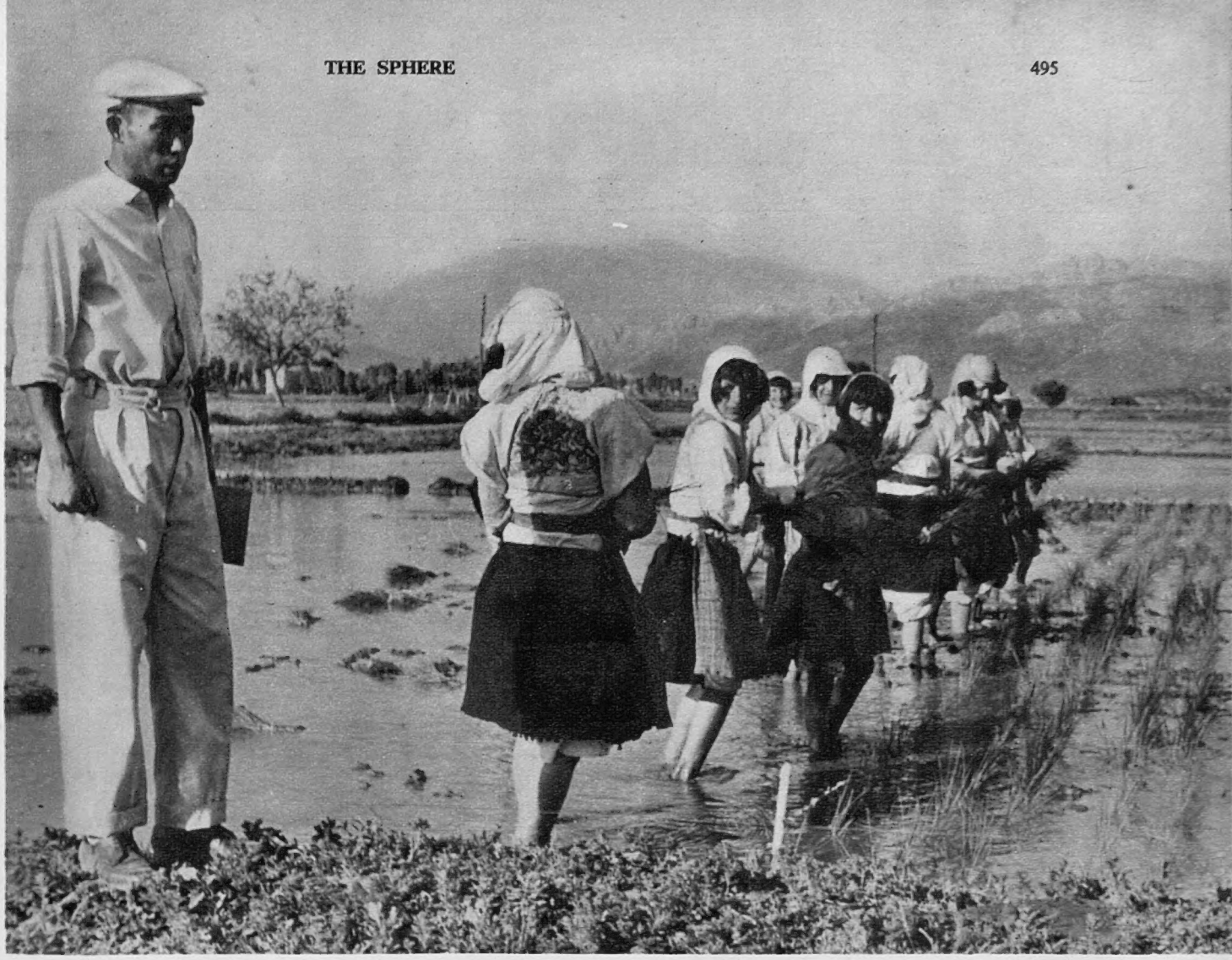
The Kingswood XI go out to field at the start of their match against the successful touring team of boys from Rhodesia, the Rhodesian Fawns. (A report of the match is on page 513.) In the background is the new cricket pavilion on the school's playing fields at Bath. This was used for the first time in the match. Presented by the Old Boys of the school, it cost £16,000, raised by subscription

KINGSWOOD SCHOOL'S NEW CRICKET PAVILION

Far right: The Russian International 5·5-metre *Druzhba*, sailed by K. Alexandrov, taking part in the world championship for International 5·5-metres at the Poole Bay regatta. After two races in the championship last week, *Druzhba* was in the lead. She finished first in one race and fourth in the other. Equal second were the American *Complex III* and *John B.* from the Bahamas. (See also page 514)

RUSSIAN YACHT AT POOLE BAY

THE NEWS IN PICTURES



HELP FROM NORTH KOREA FOR ALBANIA

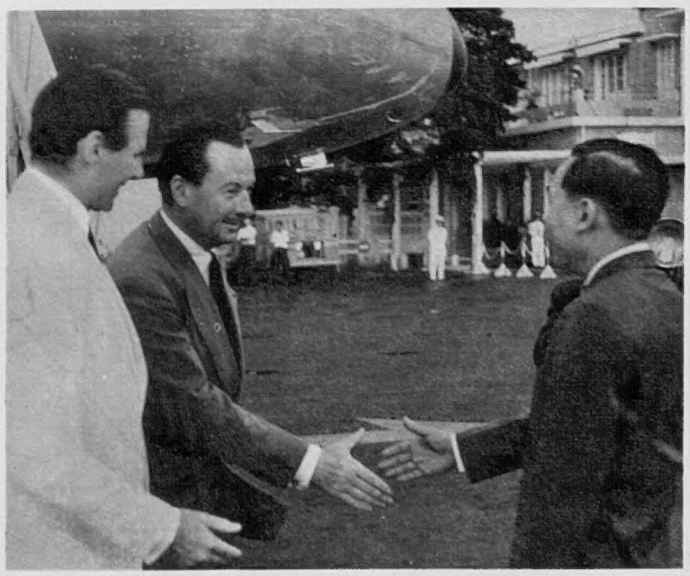
A North Korean rice farmer instructs Albanian girls in the planting of the crop on a rice field in Northern Albania. It was reported from the poverty-stricken country that its Government was making energetic efforts to boost the economy in attempts to fulfil the third "Five-Year Plan." A result of the ideological rift between Albania and the Russian Communist bloc has been that Albania is deprived of large financial Russian bloc loans. She has turned for support to China, which has offered increased aid. Some support has also come from North Korea, which has close ties with the Communist regime in Pekin

LORD COBHAM OPENS THE NEW ZEALAND PARLIAMENT

A Royal New Zealand Air Force guard of honour is inspected by the Governor-General of New Zealand, Lord Cobham, on his arrival for the opening of the second session of the 33rd Parliament of New Zealand, in Wellington. It is the last Parliament to be opened by Lord Cobham before the end of his term as Governor-General

MOZAMBIQUE VISITORS IN RHODESIA

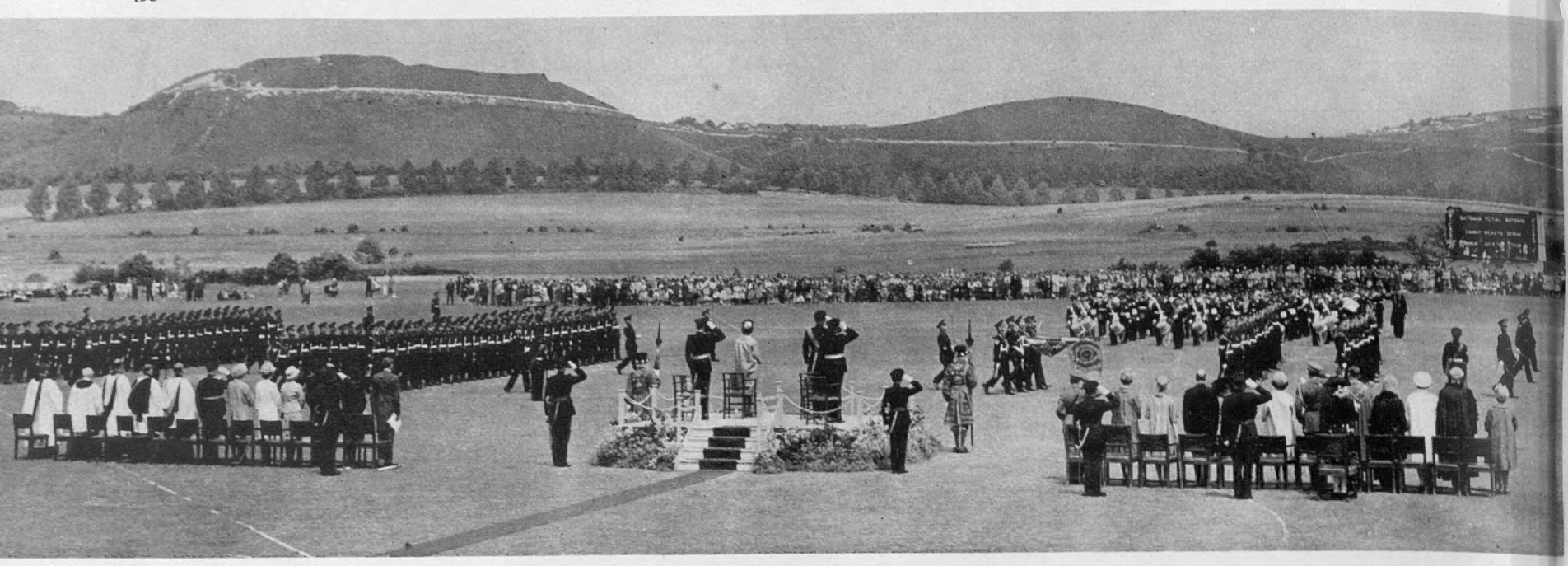
Far right: Rear-Admiral M. M. Sarmento Rodrigues, Governor-General of Mozambique, inspects a mounted escort of the British South Africa Police. The escort accompanied the Governor-General and his wife on their processional drive from the centre of Salisbury, the Rhodesian Federal capital, to Government House. Left is Mr. B. G. Spurling, Commissioner of the B.S.A. Police. Rear-Admiral and Senhora Rodrigues paid a five-day State visit to the Federation this month



MR. JULIAN AMERY IN SOUTH VIETNAM

Mr. Julian Amery, the British Secretary of State for Air, is welcomed at Saigon Airport by Dinh Thuan, Secretary of State for National Defence in South Vietnam. Mr. Amery went to South Vietnam to demonstrate the British Government's support to the country in its struggle against Communist guerillas. He visited the country last week during his tour of R.A.F. establishments throughout the Middle and Far East, flying in a Comet of Transport Command. At the end of last week, it was announced in London that Mr. Amery was cutting short his tour and would be back in Britain three days early. **Far right:** The steel frame of the Truong Xuan railway bridge, 300 miles north-east of Saigon, rests in the water after being blown up by Communist Vietnamese guerillas

. . . AND GUERILLA WARFARE IN THE SAME COUNTRY



KING FREDERIK OF DENMARK PRESENTS NEW COLOURS TO THE QUEEN'S OWN BUFFS

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

On the dais (centre) on the cricket ground at Folkestone, King Frederik of Denmark takes the salute at the march-past of the 1st Battalion, The Queen's Own Buffs, The Royal Kent Regiment, of which he is Colonel-in-Chief. The King had presented new Colours to the Regiment. Also present was Princess Marina. **Right:** King Frederik inspects the men. (See page 498)

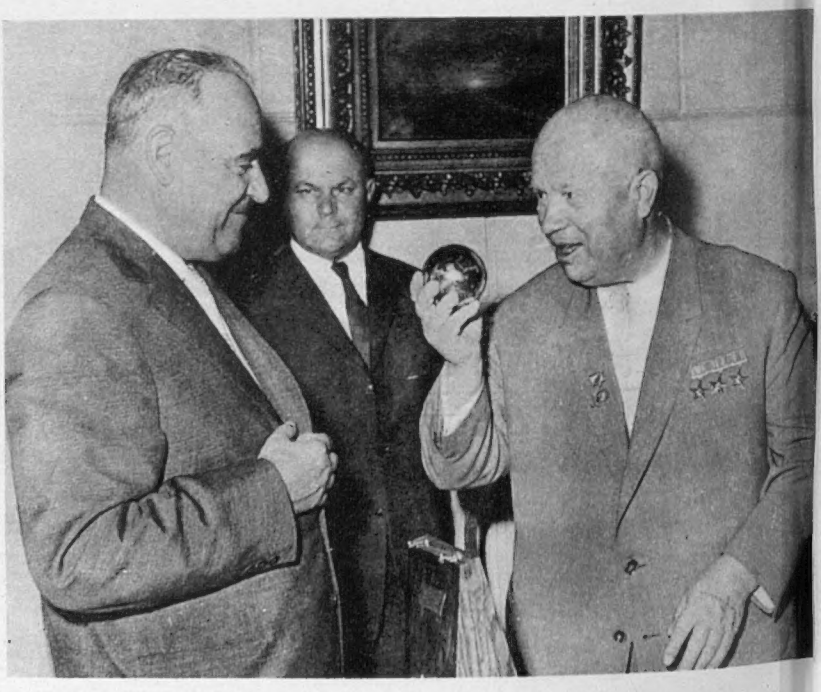
Below right: Mr. Diefenbaker, the Canadian Prime Minister, studies returns in the Canadian elections. These resulted in his party, the Conservatives, losing their overall majority. The position on Monday, with one seat to be decided, was Conservatives 116; Liberals 99; Social Credit 30; and New Democratic Party 19. **Centre right:** Mr. Lester Pearson, leader of the Canadian Liberals, casts his vote. His party greatly increased its representation. **Far right:** Mr. Robert Thompson, of the Social Credit Party, expresses his party's unexpected triumph in gaining thirty seats, mainly in the Quebec Province. It is a party to the right of the Conservatives. Mr. Diefenbaker continued as Prime Minister, head of a minority Government. Last weekend, he announced emergency measures to alleviate the Canadian financial crisis. These included a temporary graduated tariff increase on certain imports; increased bank rate to 6 per cent.; economies of £150,000,000 in public expenditure; and a loan of £375,000,000 to be arranged under the International Monetary Fund in order to provide support for the Canadian dollar

THE CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTION—MR. JOHN G. DIEFENBAKER: MR. LESTER PEARSON: AND MR. ROBERT THOMPSON

In the second Test Match at Lord's, the Pakistani captain Javed Burki plays a forcing stroke to a ball from Lock during his century in the second innings. The wicket-keeper is G. Millman. With Nasim-ul-Ghani, who scored his first first-class century, Burki led a Pakistani recovery after they faced an innings defeat against England. They scored 197 for the fifth wicket. In the end, England won by nine wickets

A CAPTAIN'S INNINGS IN THE LORD'S TEST

Far right: Mr. Khrushchev presents a model of a Soviet satellite to the Rumanian Communist Party leader, Mr. Gheorghiu-Dei, in Bucharest. The Soviet Prime Minister had arrived to tour Rumania. Later he cancelled a number of engagements to spend a leisurely weekend at a Black Sea resort because, according to reports, he was exhausted after an arduous round of visits in the country



MR. KHRUSHCHEV IN RUMANIA

NEWS SUMMARY

Common Market and Commonwealth agriculture; shares drop in London and New York; coalition under way in Laos; troop movements in China

COMMON MARKET

The Council of Ministers of the Six Common Market countries is meeting in **Brussels** for the last three days of this week for further discussions on Britain's possible participation. One of the main questions on the agenda is understood to be the vital matter of Commonwealth agricultural trade in the event of Britain's entry into the Market. Earlier this week Mr. Heath, the Lord Privy Seal, who is in charge of Britain's negotiations, visited **Rome** for talks with Signor Colombo, the Italian Minister of Industry and Commerce, and the present chairman of the Council of Ministers of the Six. Last week Mr. Heath was in **Copenhagen** for a meeting of the Council of the Seven in the European Free Trade Association at which he gave what he called some "reflections" in the state of the negotiations between Britain and the Six.

(Common Market Countries: France, Italy, West Germany, Belgium, the Netherlands, Luxembourg. Efta Countries: Britain, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Switzerland, Austria and Portugal.)

GREAT BRITAIN

Mr. Dean Rusk, the United States Secretary of State, arrived in **London** for a short visit on Sunday. He had wide-ranging talks with Mr. Macmillan and Lord Home during which, it was reported, American policy over the nuclear deterrent and the development of a Western European Union were among the subjects discussed. Mr. Rusk was to receive a degree at **Oxford** on Tuesday and leave for Portugal the next day.

At the end of last week share prices on the Stock Exchange in London had fallen below the level reached during the market collapse at the end of May and stood at their lowest since September 1959. It was generally considered the setback reflected the drop in prices on Wall Street, New York.

The committee of fourteen members under the chairmanship of Lord Jenkins, set up in 1959 to review British Company Law, issued its report on June 21. Its far-reaching recommendations included better protection for the investor and the disclosure of more information by companies; shipping companies should lose the privilege of exemption from disclosing details of their reserves, but banks and insurance companies should remain exempt (a minority of the committee wanted only limited exemption for banks); regarding takeover bids, the Board of Trade should have powers to make rules covering all offers.

THE UNITED STATES

Prices on Wall Street continued to fall last week, reaching an average on the Friday which was the lowest point since July 1958. This was only one of the problems facing President Kennedy's administration. His controversial Farm Bill was defeated in Congress by 215 votes to 205. The Bill sought to impose the strictest productions controls in American history on major crops. Its main provisions were: mandatory acreage reductions for wheat and feed grains; strict regulations of amounts to be marketed; and stiff penalties for overplanting. After the defeat, the Administration hurriedly proposed a compromise extension of emergency farm legislation to be pushed through the House of Representatives. Mandatory controls were dropped. This week, President Kennedy's major Trade Bill was due before the House.

FAR EAST

In Laos events moved with more speed than of late. The new Provisional Coalition Government, ratified by King Savang Vatthana, meeting in **Vientiane** last weekend, proclaimed a general cease-fire and chose a seven-man delegation to go to Geneva to sign the declaration of neutrality for Laos. The Cabinet, headed by Prince Souvanna Phouma, is strongly neutralist in composition. One of its first acts was to issue a statement claiming that U.S. troops in Thailand were a threat to the neutrality of Laos. (The troops were moved into Thailand at that country's request after sweeping pro-Communist Pathet Lao advances in Laos.) The Cabinet statement went on to say that the U.S. "should stop interfering in Laotian internal affairs".

During his tour of Europe Mr. Dean Rusk drives in West Berlin near the Wall at the Brandenburg Gate. With him are Mr. Walter C. Dowling (centre), U.S. Ambassador in Bonn, and Herr Willi Brandt, West Berlin's Mayor

The U.S. Department in Washington last week issued a warning that China was building up its forces in the mainland province of **Fukien,** facing General Chiang Kai-shek's Nationalist-held islands of Quemoy and Matsu. Pekin claimed that General Chiang Kai-shek was preparing to attack the Communist mainland of China. Reports from Formosa agreed that General Chiang Kai-shek had been engaged in building up his amphibious forces. But by the beginning of this week, the crisis had appeared to have gone off the boil.

Units of the U.S. Seventh Fleet left **Tokyo** last weekend for operations at sea. They sailed without advance notice. A U.S. Navy spokesman declined to say whether the sailings were connected with the Communist Chinese build-up in Fukien.

The status of British North Borneo, the north-eastern part of Borneo, with a population of 335,000, came into prominence. The Government of the Philippines, in a note to the British Government, received in London last weekend, was thought to have suggested talks on this subject. For some months there has been agitation in **Manila,** the Philippine capital, that the Philippines had the right of sovereignty over North Borneo. The dispute in its origins goes back two centuries. North Borneo saw the arrival of the East India Company in the eighteenth century. In the nineteenth century the territory was bought by private treaty from the Sultan of Sulu (a group of islands now part of the Philippines). Then the territory became a British Protectorate and later still a Crown Colony. The Philippines claim that the Sultan merely leased North Borneo for an annual payment: the British Government say it was bought outright for perpetual annual payments. The dispute seemed likely to have an amicable outcome.

WEST GERMANY

About thirty British soldiers, believed to belong to 40 Field Regiment, Royal Artillery, went on the rampage in **Schneverdingen**, on Lüneburg Heath, last Saturday. They caused extensive damage to shops and houses. The BAOR Commander in the locality apologised to the Burgomaster and assured him the culprits would be brought to justice.

The trouble at Schneverdingen follows the recent outbreaks of violence in BAOR at Hilden and Minden for which a number of heavy sentences were imposed by courts martial. Some of the troublemakers in Minden have been discharged from the Army.

The Lord Mayor with Commodore Jorgensen

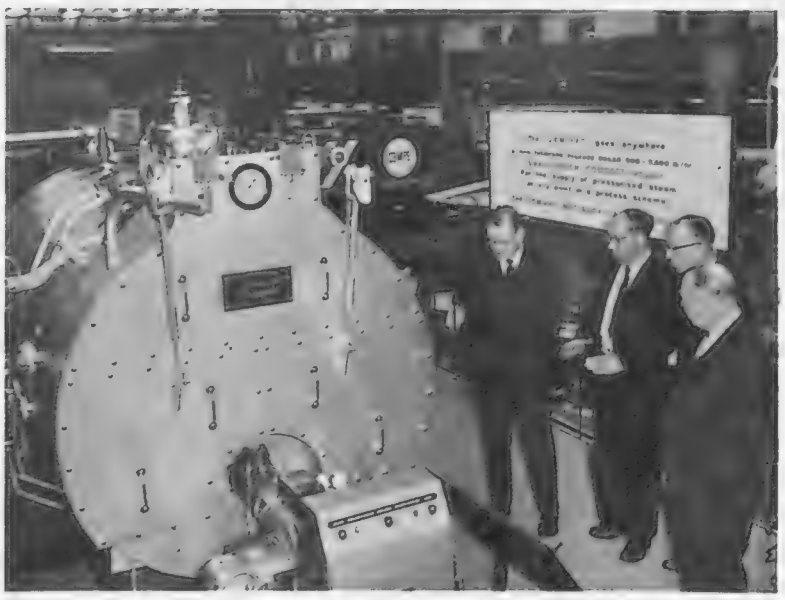
Boys from Christ's Hospital in the procession to the Skinners' Company Election Day service

IN LONDON AND AT ASCOT

Among those who called on the Lord Mayor of London, Sir Frederick Hoare, at the Mansion House last week was Commodore Jorgensen, captain of the Danish Royal Yacht *Dannebrog*, anchored in the Pool of London. The ship had brought King Frederik to Britain to present new colours to the 1st Battalion, the Queen's Own Buffs, the Royal Kent Regiment, of which he is Colonel-in-Chief. Corpus Christi (June 21) is by long tradition the day on which the Skinners' Company elect their new Master and Wardens. Boys from Christ's Hospital walk in the procession afterwards from the Skinners' Hall in the City to St. Mary Aldermary for the Company's annual service. The Westminster Bank Art Club's first exhibition since the war was opened at the Bank's head office in Lothbury by Lady Marjorie Stirling, wife of the chairman of the Bank. A different type of exhibition—the Chemical and Engineering Exhibition, at Olympia—was opened by Lord Hailsham, the Minister of Science. On Albert Embankment Lord Mountbatten reviewed the London Fire Brigade.

At Ascot variable weather did not mar the annual pageantry. The Royal Hunt Cup produced the closest finish on record for the race, short heads separating the first from the second and the second from the third.

Lady Marjorie Stirling and Mr. D. A. Stirling at Westminster Bank Art Club's show



Lord Hailsham at the Chemical and Engineering Exhibition at Olympia

A demonstration of massed jets by London firemen at their Albert Embankment H.Q.

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh on Ladies' Day at Ascot

The Queen Mother and Princess Margaret in the Ascot carriage procession

The carriage with the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh in the paddock

Smartie, third from rails, wins the Royal Hunt Cup by a short head from China Clipper, foreground, who beat Water Skier, on rails, by the same distance

JOHN CONNELL

SIMPLIFICATION OF STRATEGY

It happens that, in much of my work at present, my mind is concentrated upon the military and political happenings and arguments of the decade 1935-1945, and that for recreation and refreshment I am reading the *Diary of a Country Parson*, of which I possess a compact, well-thumbed, single-volume World's Classics edition. To return from the battles and the controversies of my own youth (which seemed so important and so complex then), and from Parson Woodforde's tranquil, rustic simplicities—his gargantuan Christmas feasts for six or seven poor old men of the parish, his annual payment of wages to his servants, his piety and his occasional irritation with his nephew, Bill—to the vast difficulties and dangers of the 1960's is a painful journey which I make with increasing reluctance every day.

I am not, I know, alone in being baffled by a great proportion of the concepts which contemporary diplomatists and " defence experts " bandy about with apparent skill, and by the astonishing vocabulary, at once ponderously polysyllabic and delicately evasive, which they employ. My bewilderment is the result of not being in constant touch, of not knowing the processes of argument which lead to decisions, communicated to the public in barely adequate generalisations from behind a high and prickly hedge of security.

Mr. R. McNamara, the U.S. Secretary of Defence, on the steps of the Pentagon with Mr. Balkhair, Libyan Defence Minister, during the latter's recent visit to Washington

With a certain rueful relief, therefore, I read last week extracts in the *New York Times* and *The Times* from a speech which Mr. McNamara, the U.S. Secretary of Defence, made at the University of Michigan at Anne Arbor on June 16. I have no more power to influence diplomatic policy and defence decisions nowadays than Parson Woodforde, living his sedate existence at Weston Longville, could affect the terms of the Treaty which ended the American War of Independence. He could only pray and preach to his small village congregation: I can only expound my reactions and my ideas.

Mr. McNamara's speech contained for me considerable glimmerings of light. It was not sheer dotty gobbledegook. It made some sense. I did not agree, with any enthusiasm, with much of what Mr. McNamara said, but at least—I think—I understood it. He stated the guiding principles of American contemporary strategy in terms which it has proved difficult for America's Western Allies to misinterpret, and which ought (despite whatever distortions Soviet propaganda may effect) to be unmistakably clear to Mr. Khrushchev and his advisers in Moscow.

He defined, with a refreshing absence of equivocation, America's intentions in retaliation. Until he spoke it had been assumed that the power of the nuclear deterrent rested (in the American defence planners' view) on a " second-strike, counter-city capability "—that is, on the ability of the U.S. forces to survive a surprise nuclear attack with enough striking power to inflict appalling—in all likelihood paralysing—damage on the enemy's civilian centres of population. Mr. McNamara made it clear that, in the event of all-out nuclear war, his country's strategic aim would be to destroy the enemy's military forces, not his great cities.

This indicates that the defence planners have concluded that the Western Alliance's—that is America's—nuclear strength is now so great that, even in the face of a sudden attack without warning, their retaliatory forces can attack and destroy military targets. It is an implicit rejection of the idea that a nuclear conflict is inevitable and a determined reaffirmation of the consistent American policy of making such a conflict the last and the least conceivable result of a miscalculation or an irrational act on the part of the Soviet Union.

Irrationality, suspicion, a reckless gambling on information which is either wrong, incomplete or misinterpreted, are all of the essence of declaration of war in our time. Both World Wars in this century have been, in this sense, *unnecessary* wars. The U.S. Government, soberly aware of these factors in our tragic contemporary dilemma, are seeking to eliminate them. They are trying to make the Russians realise that even if, in a perverse and sinister miscalculation of Western aims, they launched a surprise attack on the West, our immediate reply would have as its purpose not a mass liquidation of millions of civilians, but the effective destruction of military launching sites and storage areas.

If this is the pattern of U.S. thinking, Mr. McNamara's apparently brusque rejection of the idea of other countries in the Western Alliance possessing or developing their own nuclear weapons, fits into it neatly. It is not simply a grandiose, neo-imperialist assumption of overwhelming power, in order to dominate. It is a cool and careful calculation, far-sighted (from the American point of view) and logical; and it is thought to be in the best interests of the alliance as a whole.

What Mr. McNamara said was this: " Relatively weak national nuclear forces with enemy cities as their targets are not likely to perform even the function of deterrence. If they are small, and perhaps vulnerable on the ground or in the air, a major antagonist can take a variety of measures to counter them. Indeed, if a major antagonist came to believe that there was a substantial likelihood of it being used independently, this force would be inviting a pre-emptive first strike against it. In the event of war, the use of such a force against the cities of a major nuclear power would be tantamount to suicide, whereas its employment against significant military targets would have a negligible effect on the outcome of the conflict. Meanwhile, the creation of a single additional nuclear force encourages the proliferation of nuclear power with all its attendant dangers. In short, then, limited nuclear capabilities, operating independently, are dangerous, expensive, prone to obsolescence, and lacking in credibility as a deterrent."

These carefully-chosen but candid words are of crucial importance. Their utterance caused a considerable brou-ha-ha in Britain, where certain sections of opinion are extremely touchy about the resolute retention of our own nuclear armoury. Though certain parts of Mr. McNamara's speech obviously had relevance to Britain's position in the Western Alliance, it was without doubt directed mainly at France, where (officially, anyway) a chilly, haughty silence has been preserved. But neither we nor the French can possibly afford to ignore the speech or to disregard the strong purpose underlying it.

It follows logically on the United States' firm refusal at the recent Athens meeting of Nato to countenance the ingenuous British suggestion—disowned afterwards as rapidly as a favourite pussy's litter of unwanted, unpedigreed kittens—that, if in certain circumstances a field commander, down to Corps level, felt himself in danger of losing a battle with " conventional " weapons, he could on his own responsibility resort to the use of a tactical nuclear weapon. The Americans rejected this inept proposal, not because they wanted merely to be beastly to the British, but because they have a real idea of what a nuclear war is like, and regard it as a major calamity to be avoided at almost any cost, and in any event to be postponed as long as possible.

They wish to keep the control of nuclear weapons, and the chance of deciding to employ them, in as few hands as they can, and those hands to belong to men who are genuinely capable of carrying the final, heavy responsibility. Of course it is inconvenient, worrying and indeed galling for ourselves and for the French; of course it is irksome and it could be dangerous, to leave this fundamental decision, which affects the lives and hopes of the whole population of Western Europe, to the Americans.

Yet, strangely enough, I find at the end of this rather comfortless pondering—" there is nothing so difficult to accept," said Lord Wavell, " as a new idea "—that I worry less about any possible loss of independent decision by ourselves or France, than about the sheerly military premise on which American strategic reasoning is increasingly based: the belief that, in practice in war, as in theory and in exercise, we can (and the enemy will) maintain a rigid distinction between " conventional " and " unconventional "—i.e., nuclear—weapons. And with that doubt gnawing at my mind, I ask to be forgiven if I make my escape back to the eighteenth century and Parson Woodforde's Man, Briton, bringing home " a new Suit of Livery this Evening from Norwich, with a very good new great Coat of Brown Cloth and red Cape to it."

As smoothly as the waves ripple over the pebbly beach, the SR.N2 hovercraft, the second generation hovercraft built by the Saunders-Roe division of Westland, comes in towards land during its first public demonstration on the Solent between Cowes and Osborne Bay. Weighing 27 tons and of launch-type design, the SR.N2 can accommodate between sixty and seventy people and travel up to speeds of 70 m.p.h. Design of hovercraft has advanced rapidly in the last two years—it is hoped to operate hoverbus services experimentally this summer and Saunders-Roe have designed a 70-ton vehicle which could carry 300 passengers and 26 cars at about 70 knots. One difficulty remaining to be decided is whether hovercraft are aircraft or ships. One day they may be as important and numerous as either

HOVERCRAFT AT WORK

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A London Newsletter

13-15, JOHN ADAM STREET, W.C.2.

SWEET REASON. One day, I suppose, the official history of the long-drawn-out bloodbath in Algeria will be written and may explain, though it can never excuse, the orgy of senseless, brutal murder and rapine. The announcement at the beginning of last week of the end of terrorism under an agreement reached between F.L.N. and O.A.S. came only a day or two after the O.A.S.'s scorched-earth policy had reached new heights of terror. It remained to be seen how strictly the agreement would be observed. Both sides must have realised months and years ago that a new Algeria could not be born without close co-operation between Europeans and Muslims, and it speaks to the restraint of the Muslims that F.L.N. can swallow a complete amnesty for all Europeans. It will be a still greater miracle if in the coming critical weeks both sides succeed in obeying the letter of the agreement and trust each other while several important O.A.S. demands remain unsettled. That the honours, such as they are, belong to the Muslims, whose discipline and restraint have been constantly tested and admired, no one can doubt. Perhaps that restraint was guided by the knowledge that Europeans are essential to Algeria's welfare, and no doubt the sudden abrogation by O.A.S. of a scorched-earth policy, which neither the French Government nor the Provisional Executive had the power to check, was due to the realisation that, if it continued, neither Algeria nor its Europeans had any hope of survival. The smell of blood on this page of Algerian history all the perfumes of Arabia can never sweeten. Sweet reason dallied too long. In human affairs it usually does. We forget, and sometimes forgive, because we must.

WHO WILL SHOW US ANY GOOD? The West Lothian by-election result threw Transport House into transports. Nobody supposed they could lose the seat, but nobody dreamed they could gain a clear majority over the four other candidates, or indeed that the Tory candidate could suffer the rare indignity of forfeiting his deposit. But though the Tory share of the vote fell by nearly 30 per cent., the triumph of Labour is tempered by the fact that its share fell by nearly 10 per cent. There is not much satisfaction either for the Liberals. It seems that any stick will serve disgruntled voters with which to beat the party in power. The resurgence of Liberalism all over the country looks a little less solid a fact on reading the vote cast for the Scottish Nationalist. But of course by-elections are not general elections, and personalities, parish-pump politics and all kinds of stunts and local grievances play a big part in by-election results. But West Lothian does seem to emphasise the fact that voters today are leaderless men and are asking themselves " who will show us any good? We are sick and tired of the two big parties who for ever promise us jam tomorrow, and in turn have had so little success in resolving the political and economic problems which faced us nearly twenty years ago." Young Mr. Dalyell has had a personal triumph and something to yell about. Mr. Macmillan has something more to worry about. Mr. Gaitskell has already made the most of a good and unexpected piece of propaganda and Mr. Grimond will probably exercise a little caution in optimistic forecasts until the next by-elections are over.

BOORS, BOREDOM AND B.A.O.R. The Rhine Army no doubt has its paid P.R.O.s, but General Cassels was right to come to England and do his own barking in a breezy way. For the idea that the relations between the Rhine Army and the German population had markedly deteriorated arose in the British Press as a result of a perhaps justifiable complaint concerning the " hushing-up " of courts martial, through inadequate pre-notice to Press reporters of impending trials. On this particular charge, General Cassels left the impression in my mind that the normal procedure of pre-notice had been followed in the letter but not splashed in headlines. That is an understandable Army view. Dirty linen is better washed in the back yard than in the front garden. He was fairly convincing in his diminishing and localising of the rumours of bad relations between our troops and the German population. Many of us have distant memories of the boredom of life among armies of occupation, and Nato allies may be in much the same case. True, in the First World War our men were much happier after the Armistice among the Germans than during the fighting among the French, and I am surprised to hear that the language difficulty has increased the boredom and frustration normally felt by our troops quartered in foreign lands. The " language of love " in English, French or German was in 1914-1919 an Esperanto quickly acquired, while " no bong " and " na poo " served pretty well for exchanges over the counter. But boredom there must be among troops in peacetime, with inadequate training and recreational facilities, most of all at a time when in England all the national fun and games are headline news. " Oh! to be in England now that Epsom 's here." It was thankfulness that the prospect of sudden death was removed in November 1918 which mitigated somewhat, and for a few months, the boredom of having to stay on in occupation of a foreign country.

BRANDY FOR HEROES. General Cassels was on firm ground when he put the statistics of courts martial and acts of insubordination in a fairer and normal light; when he divided the blame for incidents as fifty-fifty between German Teddy-boys and our own army hot-heads; and fairly admitted that some of the stations were less endurable than

Lord Wakehurst, Governor of Northern Ireland, walks in procession to the service for the Order of the Garter in St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle. He was installed as a Knight Companion of the Order last week

Lord Attlee waits in the porch of St. George's, on his first public appearance since his serious illness

At Lambeth Palace, the Archbishop of Canterbury shakes hands with the Deji of Akure, Western Nigeria. The Deji and his wife visited Lambeth Palace last week

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The Queen, Sovereign of the Order of the Garter, and the Duke of Edinburgh, walk in the procession to St. George's Chapel. They are preceded by the Bishop of Winchester, Dr. Allison, and Lord Salisbury, the Chancellor of the Order

others, some of the inhabitants less friendly to British troops than others and some of our regiments less amenable than others to patience in an inevitably trying spell of duty. Even in England, army training must be frustrating and boring enough, even with adequate facilities, so long as so much uncertainty remains as to the kind of warfare our army must expect. But my own " conclusion of the whole matter " must be that General Cassels' corrective statistics of courts martial and acts of insubordination in B.A.O.R. would be even more favourable, if, in a country in which pubs remain open for longer hours and sell a brandy for the price of a beer in England, the Army authorities regulated pub-crawling and curtailed night-leave. Boys will be boys, whatever language they speak, and brandy can quickly turn them into " heroes," of a kind.

EUTELEGENESISATION. The Eugenics Society heard Sir Julian Huxley recently expose his brave new world of a master race, with mixed feelings. No doubt his audience accepted his premises that there are not enough brains at the top or in the middle, that brains are hereditary, that some of the greatest men in history were bastards—William I, Erasmus, da Vinci, Lincoln, and so on—and that conventional marriage is not always the surest way to perpetuate a master race. But not all accepted his ice-cool proposal for a planned enlargement of A.I.D. into eutelegenesis, a brave new word signifying A.I. by means of an " admired donor." That is to say, a few men obviously bristling with brains would be earmarked as national stud stallions, and old-fashioned ideas of the sanctity of marriage and the vital importance of happy family life must be scrapped (and pretty soon) in the interests of race survival in a competitive age. We must have more people capable of getting a first class at Oxford. If some young husbands object to the national stud stallions doing their business, they must abandon this selfish attitude and think nationally. Whether the choice of a royal stallion would swell the lists of first-class honours at Oxford is an open question, but it would not be difficult to seed 200 or 300 accredited " brains " who, working a forty-hour week, could very soon people both the top and the middle with first-class honours men. Sir Julian had his supporters. No doubt, eutelegenesisation is round the corner. But for a generation or so longer, we must blunder on in the old way and produce as many blimps, boneheads and bumblers as in the past. Forty years on, Britain will be a solid brains trust and then things will really begin to move. Somehow, scientists in conclave give me the same sensation one can get from contact with a cold and slimy eel.

THE RECKONING. I like to think that if one hammers on long enough with a scandal, attention is at last paid to it by the authorities. It may be so, but it is non-proven. Take litter in the New Forest. There, at any rate, after a fine Whitsun Holiday, the outraged residents through their Commoners Defence Association decided on shock tactics to compel the authorities to act. I understand that fifty volunteers collected the rubbish on the verges 100 yards on either side of A.31, between Cadnam and Picket Post, and dumped it at Stony Cross for all to see. I am only sorry that so few of the contributors to this fine exhibition could not visit the museum. On our local cricket ground in the Forest, an exhibition was more easily arranged. We left the contributions *in situ* round the ridiculous little green pillbox provided for litter-disposal by the authorities. The exhibits, I thought hopefully, were perhaps a little smaller in size (and harder to pick up) than usual. There were fewer complete editions of newspapers, perhaps rather fewer broken bottles and greasy tins. But it is always a good show and I hope that some of those visitors who love a day in the Forest (and kill the thing they love) will return to examine the relics of their summer joy-days. We live among those relics all the year round, and would be glad to share the beastliness of the Forest, as we share its amenities, with the day-trippers. I forget how many authorities the Forest possesses, but I hope all of them sent representatives to the Stony Cross exhibition. One day, who knows? they might combine among themselves and come to the aid of the Commoners Defence Association. They might agree among themselves an arrangement punctually to empty those little sacks and pillboxes which the virtuous fill in a single day and which collect round them the overspill for half a week. They might even find among their employees an authorised litter warden to initiate an occasional prosecution as a warning to wantons.

THE OLD STAGER

(Covent Garden photographs by Reg Wilson)

L'HEURE ESPAGNOLE: In Ravel's comic, one-act opera are Gonsalve (Alexander Young) and Concepcion (Mary Costa), and, **right:** Concepcion and Ramiro (John Shaw)

DER ROSENKAVALIER: In the film are Octavian (Sena Jurinac) and the Marschallin (Elizabeth Schwarzkopf) and, **right:** Ochs (Otto Edelman) and Sophie (Anneliese Rothenberger)

GIANNI SCHICCHI: Characters in Puccini's one-acter are Rinuccio (André Turp); Simone (Michael Langdon); Ciesca (Janet Coster); Nella (Elizabeth Vaughan); Zita (Edith Coates); Marco (Joseph Ward) and Betto (David Kelly)

Schicchi (Geraint Evans); Lauretta (Joan Carlyle)

ERWARTUNG: Die Frau (Amy Shuard)

ENTERTAINMENT

TWENTIETH-CENTURY OPERA

Bewildering variety of form and expression is the keynote of the many kinds of opera produced by composers of this century. This has induced in many people, from the uninformed to some opera lovers, a bewilderment verging on resignation. Fortunately London is being offered what may be described as a short, easy course in modern opera. At the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, is a triple bill of one-act works, by Ravel, Schoenberg and Puccini, directed by Peter Ustinov. And at the Royal Festival Hall, for a number of performances from July 9, is Dr. Paul Czinner's sumptuous film version in colour of Richard Strauss's *Der Rosenkavalier*. Made for the Rank Organisation, the film had its première at the Bath Festival.

The three one-act operas are Ravel's gaily humorous tale of a Spanish clockmaker's flirtatious wife in search of diversion, called *L'Heure Espagnole* and first produced in 1911; Schoenberg's *Erwartung*, a monologue for a woman wailing for her lover in a nightmare forest, composed in 1909 but seeming very modern indeed; and Puccini's *Gianni Schicchi*, a tale of Florentine intrigue, first performed in 1918, but looking back to the great days of Italian opera. The three works are being given in English—*L'Heure Espagnole* has a broadly comic air; *Erwartung* employs the full resources of gauze, back projections and lighting to give a shifting background of fearsome dark, expressionist designs by Gunther Schneider-Siemssen; and *Gianni Schicchi*, on a tiered, Giottoesque set, has a sharp, sardonic performance by Geraint Evans in the title role.

Strauss's *Rosenkavalier*, a lushly romantic opera, first performed in 1911, was filmed in Salzburg's Festival Hall, with a magnificent cast and the Vienna Philharmonic, conducted by Von Karajan. The film version is faithful, employs a multiple camera technique, and is sung in German, with English synopses.

Van Faninal (Erich Kunz) orders Octavian to leave his salon, furious over the duel between Octavian and Baron Ochs

The Voice of the Commonwealth

"THE CHANGING ENVIRONMENT"

From May 13 to June 6 Canada played host to 300 delegates from thirty-five Commonwealth countries attending H.R.H. The Duke of Edinburgh's Second Commonwealth Study Conference on the Human Consequences of the Changing Industrial Environment. During the 25-day period members visited not only most of Canada's largest industrial cities, but numerous smaller communities, some with only one industry, over an area stretching 4,400 miles from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

While the basic idea of the conference was the same as the first held at Oxford, England, in 1956, the vast distances in Canada and the resultant problems in logistics had a strong influence on the nature of the conference. Upon arrival in Montreal, the assembly point, the conference was divided into twenty study groups for study tours of the smaller communities. Each of the study groups was made up of a cross-section of the countries, industries and peoples represented at the conference.

The programme was designed to enable the participants to come into contact with many phases of the human consequences of technological change and industrial activity. Special attention was given to the elder worker, the family, youth, and the immigrant and minority groups. With regard to community aspects the conference concerned itself particularly with the relationship between industry and community in terms of civic participation, civic welfare, community planning and housing, recreation and leisure, and education.

The delegates were mainly between the ages of twenty-five and forty-five, and had been carefully selected as being individuals who were likely in the future to occupy positions of responsibility in industrial management or labour organisations.

The arrangements for the study tours were made in co-operation with local committees, without whose assistance such visits would not have been possible. The programmes for the twenty study groups were varied and influenced by the nature of the community visited, but were intended to allow members time for discussions with management groups of industries visited, with the labour union group, and with individuals. Arrangements were made to meet individuals informally in their own homes.

The conference was officially opened in Montreal on May 14 by the President, H.R.H. The Duke of Edinburgh. After the Montreal sessions the twenty groups went their separate ways for one week of visits to industrial communities in Eastern Canada, some groups travelling as far as Newfoundland and Nova Scotia. On May 25 all groups re-assembled in Toronto for joint study programmes.

There members embarked on two special trains of Canada's two transcontinental railways, the Canadian National and the Canadian Pacific, for the 2,500-mile journey to Vancouver. Each train provided sleeping accommodation, meal services, a library (with librarian), rooms for meetings, typing and mimeograph services.

The Duke of Edinburgh at session in Ottawa of his Study Conference. Sitting with him is Mr. Vincent Massey, Conference Chairman and former Governor-General of Canada

A Fijian greeting for the Duke in Montreal from Mr. Naborisi, of Suva. **Right:** Outside Hart House in Toronto are Mr. Jallow, left, of Gambia, and Mr. Lewis, Sierra Leone

The new men's residences and Bishop Mountain dining hall at McGill University are formally opened by the Duke. Conference delegates stayed there while in Montreal

While the study group continued as the basic working unit of the conference, the journey to the west coast allowed members to work closely with the members of other groups. At the same time it encouraged them to see the topics they had been studying at community level assume different proportions in the larger context, the country as a whole, with its great regional variations, geographical, political, economic and social. In addition, the travelling seminar phase allowed the members to study the human consequences of other facets of Canadian industrial life—the changes in transportation, the industrialisation of agriculture, and the development of resource-based industries, particularly oil and gas.

The route led through the rugged, forested area of Northern Ontario with its gold, nickel and iron mines and great pulp and paper industries, across the 1,000-mile wheat belt of the prairies, and finally the picturesque 400-mile trip through towering mountain ranges to Vancouver. En route conference sessions were held in Winnipeg, Saskatoon and Edmonton. On the prairies members were given an opportunity for study of the human and community effects of the mechanisation of farming on a giant scale.

The Duke of Edinburgh rejoined his conference in Vancouver for the closing sessions. Emphasis was on the presentation of reports and the exchange of opinions with members offering comparisons between Canadian experiences and conditions in their homelands. As at the first conference, held in Oxford, no resolutions or recommendations were produced.

A survey of the Duke of Edinburgh's Second Commonwealth Study Conference

In Toronto are, from left: Mr. Bellange, Tanganyika; Mr. Abdul Samad, Brunei; Mr. Kent, West Indies; Mr. Speight, Britain; Mr. Rodd, New Zealand, and Mr. Martin, Australia

Mr. Omoloyole, Nigeria; Mr. Ogilvie, Britain; Mr. Etheridge, S. Rhodesia; Mr. Davies, Australia; Mr. Chater, Britain; Mr. Wolverson, Britain, and Miss Provost, Canada

Dr. Lewis, Principal of University College of the West Indies, addresses a session in Montreal. The Duke of Edinburgh, President of the Conference, listens on the platform

Miss Muriel McGuinty, a study group secretary, with, from left: Mr. Deshai, India; Mr. Musgrave, Northern Rhodesia; Mr. Naborisi, Fiji, and Mr. Cheung, Hong Kong

Malayan and Pakistani delegates. From left: Mr. Zaidi, Malaya; Mr. Huda, Pakistan; Mr. Jesudoss, Malaya; Mr. Hameeduzzaman, Pakistan, and Mr. Gomez, Malaya

At McGill University, Montreal, are, from left: Mr. Quesnel, Canada; Mrs. Minnes, Canada; Mr. Sudhakar, India; Mr. Cheung, Hong Kong; Mr. Astwood, Bermuda; Mr. Dudley, Australia, and Miss Sentenne, a member of the Conference Secretariat

CITY OF LONDON FESTIVAL

It will be held from July 9 to 21. The origins and purpose of the Festival are outlined in this exclusive article by

LADY HOARE, THE LADY MAYORESS OF LONDON

The idea of the Festival of the City of London sprang like most things, from a casual conversation in which a friend of ours took part. Being deeply interested in the supporting of the Arts, our friend brought Mr. Ian Hunter to dine with us and we discussed all the possibilities of creating a Festival. As a result of this dinner party, a meeting was arranged with the then Lord Mayor, Sir Bernard Waley-Cohen, and the wheels to bring this great concept into being began to turn.

The intention of the Festival is to bring to the world, through the medium of the Arts, the true beauty and history of the City of London. For 2,000 years this great City has stood and grown around the banks of the Thames and with its growth has developed its dramatic history. In 1215 the City received the right from King John to elect its own Mayor and around him developed what is now the Corporation of the City of London, the main body being the Court of Common Council.

Since about 1750 the Mansion House has been the home of the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress while Guildhall is used by the Corporation, of which the Lord Mayor is, of course, the head. All the main activities emanate from these two buildings. The Mansion House itself is unique, there being only one other similar in Europe—the Doges Palace in Venice. The real romance is that not only has it its own court of law and prison cells, which are in daily use and at which the Lord Mayor sits as the Chief Magistrate of the City of London, but also it contains magnificent State Apartments used for entertaining and helping all forms of charitable causes, and on the floor above there is the comfortable atmosphere of home.

It is from and around here that the Festival will develop, opening on July 9 with a masque in the Mansion House to be performed before the Queen. This has been specially written by Mr. John Betjeman.

For the next fortnight until July 21, there will be events going on to interest and excite every kind of person—performances in the Livery Halls, Guildhall, and the Mansion House by great musicians and singers including Yehudi Menuhin, Arthur Rubinstein, Elizabeth Schwarzkopf and other famous artists. Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Yeomen of the Guard" will be performed in the moat of the Tower of London. The miracle play "The Raising of Lazarus" will be seen in St. Paul's Cathedral and each night there will be a great event of music, poetry-reading or the play. An exhibition of famous paintings will be held in the Guildhall Art Gallery and an international exhibition of cartoons and caricatures from Hogarth to Hoffnung, selected by Osbert Lancaster, will be shown in the Royal Exchange.

In order that these particular performances should be given support, I have created a Special Events Committee which has under it a number of sub-committees. These are formed by the young people who work in the City in its many businesses. These committees have developed such exciting events as a Medieval Fair round Lloyd's with dancing in the streets and a barbecue in Leadenhall Market. A dance is to be held in Finsbury Circus and a race for a challenge cup has been arranged in which 300 light yachts will race on the Tideway from Putney to the Tower and back. H.M.S. *President* will turn out her sailors in gig races and power boat demonstrations.

The Painter Stainers' Company hope to show in their famous Livery Hall a completely contemporary exhibition of modern paintings and stained glass. The military will provide music in the streets.

Sir Ralph Richardson will read excerpts of the sermons of the great Dean of St. Paul's, John Donne, in the crypt of St. Paul's. Mr. Joseph Cooper, will play works by Bach, Haydn, Beethoven and César Franck between the readings.

In the Clothworkers' Hall there will be a full-scale dress show from English fashion houses for secretaries working in the City to which 400 will be invited by ballot from City firms. Twenty-eight City churches will give organ recitals, choral concerts or mystery plays. The Lord Mayor has called on the City to celebrate the Festival by decorations of flowers, and flags, so that all may feel a sense of welcome and gaiety as they enter. He will present a prize for the most spectacular display.

And so from that first casual conversation has developed, with great speed, this historic event and for the first time in 2,000 years the Square Mile will be "At Home" both by day and night to the world.

The Parlour of the Merchant Taylors' Hall. The Guildhall School of Music with the Philomusica of London will give a concert in the Hall on the evening of July 19

Edmund Rubbra's Festival Te Deum will be given its first performance in St. Paul's on July 9. **Right:** Alan Rawsthorne's new Trio will be heard on July 12

The Allegri String Quartet, from left: Eli Goren; James Barten; Patrick Ireland and William Pleeth. In Clothworkers' Hall on July 16 and Stationers' Hall on July 19

PROGRAMME DETAILS

New music being performed for the first time during the Festival of the City of London will include:

Edmund Rubbra: Festival Te Deum. At the Service of Dedication in St. Paul's Cathedral, July 9.

Alan Rawsthorne: Trio. Commissioned by the Worshipful Company of Musicians. Grocers' Hall, July 12.

R. Rodney Bennett: "London Pastoral" for Tenor and Chamber Orchestra. Commissioned by the Lord Mayor. Guildhall, July 13.

Arnold Cooke: Quintet for Clarinet and Strings. Commissioned by the Lord Mayor. Clothworkers' Hall, July 16.

Sir William Walton: "A Song for the Lord Mayor's Table." Commissioned by the Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths. Goldsmiths' Hall, July 18.

P. Maxwell Davies: Leopardi Fragments. Stationers' Hall, July 19.

Phyllis Tate: Concertino for Trumpet, Bassoon and Small Orchestra. Commissioned by the Lord Mayor. Fishmongers' Hall, July 20.

Among other events, "The Yeomen of the Guard" will be seen every evening at the Tower of London; Purcell's "Dido and Aeneas" will be sung at Guildhall from July 17 to 21; "In Praise of Wine" (stage show and wine-tasting) twice nightly at Guildhall, July 16-21; Handel's Water Music and Fireworks Music on the Thames, with military bands and fireworks, July 20.

A special illustrated "Programme Book" for the Festival of the City of London is being published by Associated Rediffusion, price 5s.

The Venetian Parlour in the Mansion House in the City of London. The Lord Mayor's desk is in the foreground. The mantelpiece clock has the form of a classical temple

The Corinthian columns are the main feature of the exterior

The Inspiration of the City Festival

INSIDE LONDON'S MANSION HOUSE

Drawings by Geoffrey S. Fletcher

"A kind of Hallelujah Chorus in stone." Thus one of its historians has described the Mansion House, the official residence of the Lord Mayor of London. The comparison is not altogether fair. The Chorus in the Messiah is not one of Handel's finest pieces. The Mansion House, built during the composer's lifetime, represents the eighteenth century at its most elegant and proportioned.

George Dance was the architect responsible for the building erected between 1739 and 1752. Thus for over 200 years it has been one of the central features of the City of London. Anyone having the slightest acquaintance with the City is familiar with the front with its six Corinthian colonnades. The interior is less well known. Only certain apartments can be seen (by permission of the Lord Mayor) by the public. There is also a part of the Mansion House which is the private residence of the Lord and Lady Mayoress and their family during their tenure of office. *The Sphere* is privileged to publish drawings of some of the Private Apartments.

Dance's design was in the best tenor of his day. It can be best appreciated by making a starting point at the Portico behind the colonnade, the entrance used for State occasions. Through the Vestibule one enters the Hall, on one side of which is the Venetian Parlour. This is the room which can be best described as the Lord Mayor's study. His late eighteenth-century writing chair is a superb example of its kind, with fluted tapering legs with spade-like sockets and brass castors and crimson Morocco upholstery.

Across the Hall is the Justice Room, the Lord Mayor's court—the only court where one Justice of the Peace can sit alone. Proceeding

(*Continued on following page*)

Part of the corridor leading to the Private Apartments. It has a fine moulded plaster ceiling. **Below:** The private dining-room in the Mansion House. The large wooden decorative urn is late eighteenth-century work

MANSION HOUSE

Continued from previous page

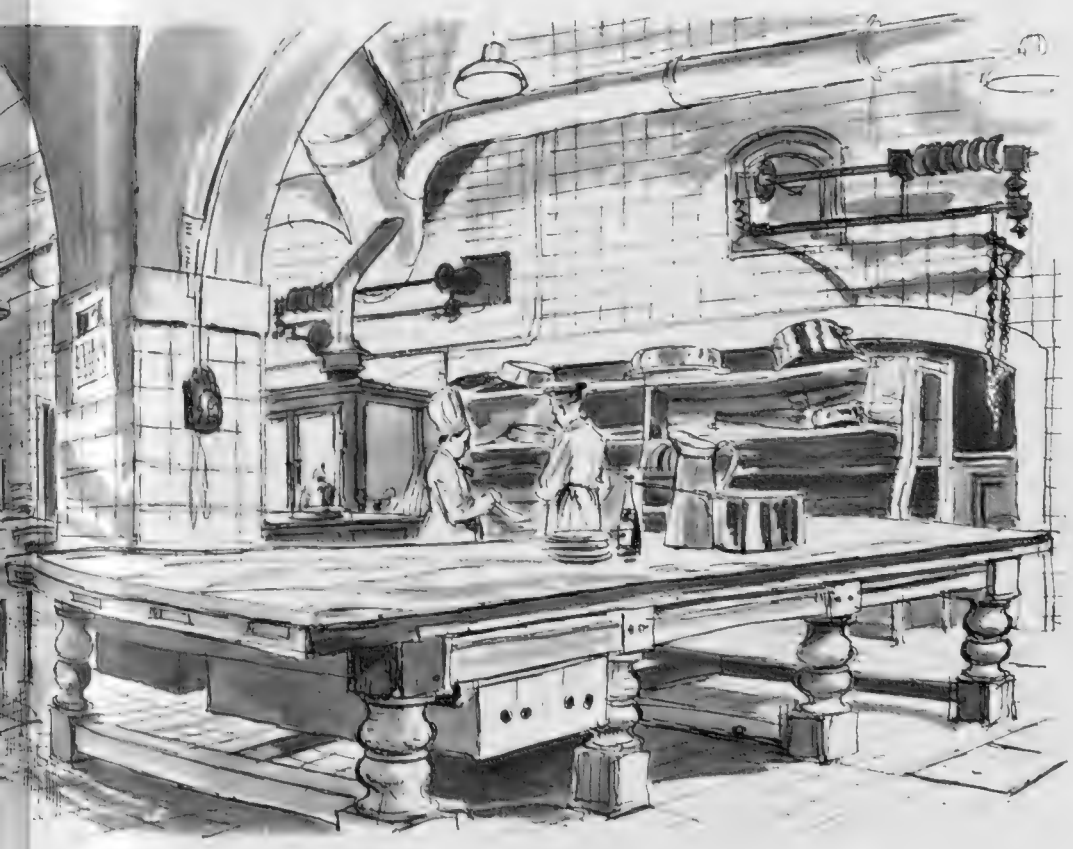
out of the Hall the visitor comes to the Saloon. Under Dance's original plan, this was the open *Patio* or courtyard. It was roofed over by George Dance, the younger, in 1794. Some of the most precious possessions of the Mansion House are in the Saloon. These are the twenty-four chairs known as the Nelson chairs, which were presented to the Lord Mayor by the citizens of London to commemorate Nelson's victory at the Battle of the Nile in 1797.

Behind the Saloon is the Egyptian Hall, the State Banqueting Room. Two other adjacent apartments with fine carved decorations are the Long Parlour and the State Drawing Room.

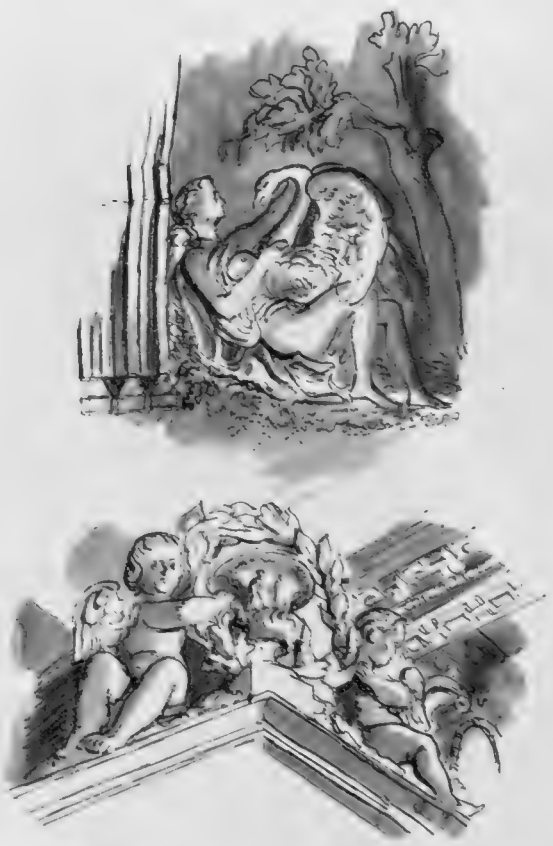
Most of the public rooms in the Mansion House are on the first floor. However, above the Egyptian Hall is the Ball Room, which contains some of the best plasterwork in the house, including reliefs round the top of the walls. During the Victorian era the relief of Leda and the Swan was considered indecent and was covered by a board. The decorations of the Private Apartments are as splendid as those in the public rooms. The Mansion House is as much a home as a public residence. It is also an essential part of London. Boswell, after a talk with Johnson about London, noted it as " comprehending the whole of human life in all its variety, the contemplation of which is inexhaustible." The Mansion House, in its long history at the heart of the City, would bear this out.

Charles Dimont

The Saloon with the gilt armchairs for the Lord and Lady Mayoress and some of the Nelson chairs



The table in the Great Kitchen has been used for preparing food for generations in the Mansion House. The rack with pans screens the original fire-place



Plaster reliefs—Leda and the Swan (top) in the Ball Room and cupids which adorn the Lord Mayor's dressing-room

BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

THE CITY'S COUNTRY PROPERTIES

I expect that many people—I was about to say most, but on second thoughts I feel that that would be too optimistic—know that Epping Forest is owned by the City of London. But I wonder how many people know that this is also the case with Burnham Beeches? Not very many, I should guess. At any rate, I did not until just the other day though I did know about Epping Forest, and I have been to Burnham Beeches many times in the last twenty years. I feel sure that there are notices about the ownership put up here and there, but I hardly ever bother to read such matters: and I suspect that this is true of most other visitors. We go to enjoy, to walk, to picnic, to do a bit of courting: not to read notices.

Epping Forest is on the outskirts of London and easily accessible by Underground, Green Line coach and many buses. It is, perhaps, not surprising that it should be owned by the City of London. But Burnham Beeches is a good way from London, and not all that easy to get to by public transport. True, there are two Green Line coaches or you can go by train to Slough and then by bus: but it is a bit of an expedition, anyway. You would not expect, I think, this Buckinghamshire beauty spot to be owned and managed by the Corporation of London. How did it all come about?

It started with Epping Forest; and with Sir Robert Hunter, whose name deserves to be more widely known among Londoners. For it was he who, as solicitor to the Commons Preservation Society, marshalled all the evidence and brought to a successful conclusion a tremendous legal battle which spanned some eight years (the final hearing lasted for seventeen days) and cost some £300,000—no mean sum in those days!—and paved the way for an Act of Parliament in 1878, which ordained that the Forest should remain open and unenclosed for ever.

But the Act went further than that. It authorised the Corporation of the City of London to acquire lands within twenty-five miles of the City as open spaces for the recreation and enjoyment of the public and to preserve the natural features. As a result, Burnham Beeches was acquired in 1880 at a cost of £10,000. The second Lord Burnham presented 65 acres of adjoining woodland in 1921 in memory of his father, and further additions were made in 1924 and 1929 at a cost of more than £10,000.

A number of other open spaces have also been acquired—this is excluding the small open spaces within the " square mile "—and these have to be maintained and administered, for no open space will remain for long if it is not cared for as diligently as farm land or a town park. The money for the care of the open spaces outside the " square mile " comes from a fund known as the " City's Cash." In no case is there a charge against the ratepayers of the City. The annual expenditure on these open spaces nowadays runs at about £65,000: a considerable exercise in public spiritedness.

Strictly speaking, Burnham Beeches consists of that piece of woodland comprising the unique old trees. Popularly, it consists not only of the beeches but also of the adjoining woodland and commons. The beeches are really very striking, for they are pollarded trees (the beech is seldom pollarded) and, therefore, quite unlike the familiar wide-spreading forest tree. They have short but huge branches, which are often fantastic in form, sometimes resembling grotesque figures with sinister faces. I have often thought that Arthur Rackham must have made his fairy-tale drawings in this wood.

Nobody knows how old the trees are. In the course of natural growth they could not have reached their full size under a couple of centuries. But they are certainly very much older than that, for they have been in a state of slow decay for many years. They probably differ very little in appearance from the trees Gray knew, for writing to Horace Walpole in 1737 he says that " vale and hill are covered with the most venerable beeches that, like most ancient people, are always dreaming out their old stories to the winds." Perhaps they were saplings at the Norman Conquest.

The time to see Burnham Beeches is the spring: and that is when most folk do; spring and summer. But I much prefer them in winter, and it is one of my favourite winter haunts, for then they are empty, you can see the full form of the tree and wander undisturbed in an enchanted fairyland.

For the same reason, because it is empty, I prefer Epping Forest in winter. Not that this really matters so much because it is so very much bigger (6,000 acres as against some 500) and it takes an awful lot of people to fill up 6,000 acres. At any time of the year, if you know the Forest, you can be completely undisturbed. But I still prefer it in winter, because I like to see the shape of trees and you cannot really see this when they are in leaf. The wooded parts consist chiefly of beech, hornbeam, oak and silver birch (*the* tree of Epping Forest is the hornbeam) and in autumn the colouring is magnificent.

Epping Forest has been described as " the Londoners' Playground." I suppose it is: but the title is most misleading. Much of the Forest is really wild country—beautifully varied hill, woodland and plain—and in the wilder parts is a naturalist's paradise. This is especially true northwards, towards the Rodings, towards Loughton and Theydon Bois, towards Monks Wood and Ambresbury, whose ancient earthworks are said to mark the site of Boadicea's last stand against the Romans: which reminds me that there is a small, but excellent, museum at Chingford. There is a famous herd of black fallow deer (they are not really black, but very dark) in the Forest, and I have seen some of them from time to time and, at night, on the main Cambridge road. There used to be and, though I doubt it, may still be a few roe deer, which were introduced from Dorset in 1883. It is a good country, too, for birds. The hawfinch is almost as much the bird of Epping Forest as the hornbeam is the tree. Wild flowers grow in profusion even if there is nothing particularly rare.

None of this is what you would expect to find at the end of the Underground. Certainly not what you would expect to find in the Londoners' Playground. But the fact is that the Londoner does not make the fullest use of his playground. He is a gregarious creature and likes to congregate thickly at well-known centres, venturing only rarely into the thick woodlands and away from the ice-cream. Avoid the frequented spots—High Beech, for example, popular for its view—and you might be 200 miles, not less than a score, from the heart of the Metropolis.

Autumn comes to Epping Forest and the ground is thickly carpeted with leaves

W. Hodnett, top scorer with 80 for the Rhodesian Fawns, cuts a ball through the slips in the match against Kingswood, played at Bath

G. Linden (Rhodesian Fawns) is run out for 14

The Rhodesian Fawns. **Below:** Kingswood come into lunch

PUBLIC SCHOOLS CRICKET

KINGSWOOD
V.
RHODESIAN FAWNS

The very strong team of schoolboys from Rhodesia played Kingswood School at Bath near the end of their tour, with the record of having won 17 and drawn two out of 19 matches. It was a pleasant coincidence that the visit of this fine eleven should mark the first use of the new cricket pavilion on the home side's ground at Lansdown. The Fawns won the toss and chose to bat on a good wicket, but lost their captain, T. Wells, in the second over to a ball from D. R. Carruthers which broke a bail. R. MacTavish and A. Carlisle put on 71 runs in an hour, but then more wickets fell, and at one time the Fawns were 115 for 4. W. Hodnett and B. May batted aggressively, however, and the visitors were 148 for 4 at lunch. After the interval, they scored freely and declared at 227 for 5. It was notable that three of the five wickets that fell were run out, a tribute to Kingswood's fielding.

Kingswood, with three hours' playing time ahead of them, lost A. Mann in the first over, and their captain, C. H. Tongue, in the seventh. J. W. Robson and M. D. J. Bennett took the score to 37 at tea, but then wickets began to fall at frequent intervals and M. Burton dismissed D. Badcock, R. Beetham and W. M. Gibbs in successive balls. With an hour to play, Kingswood had only three wickets left. Robson managed to take most of the bowling but finally ran out of partners. Kingswood were all out for 121, having lost an entertaining match, with Robson 54 not out.

Right: The captains toss up—T. Wells (left), the Rhodesian Fawns' captain, and C. H. Tongue

R. MacTavish (Rhodesian Fawns) is caught by the wicketkeeper, W. M. Gibbs

GABOR DENES

YACHTING

Comparison between one-design and restricted classes is bound to produce arguments. The fact that the designer has a certain amount of scope in a restricted class adds interest to the racing, but it also makes greater demand on the financial resources of yachtsmen.

The International 5·5-metre class illustrates this very well. In this relatively new class the opportunities for designers have been exceptional, for it appears that development is still taking place. It is still possible for the really clever designers to create faster and faster boats. The international meeting just concluded in Poole Bay made this very clear when several boats, fresh from the drawing-boards of great designers such as Ohlsen and Bjarne Aas, proved themselves particularly successful. In one or two instances the superiority of the latest design over the earlier one by the same designer could be observed.

This means that it is not sufficient for an owner to be a good helmsman, and for his crew to be efficient and well trained. He also needs to back himself with considerable funds to keep abreast of developments and to be able to have new boats built as design progresses. The latest Yeoman owned by the Aishers, Owen Aisher and his son Robin, is *Yeoman X* (built this year to the latest design of Ohlsen). Max Oberti, the Italian 5·5-metre enthusiast, was sailing *Twins XII* at Poole.

John B, R. H. Symonette's International 5·5-metre, heels over during the regatta in Poole Bay

The effect is that the class is retarded in its expansion, for not many owners are willing to risk their money, knowing that their boat might be outclassed in no time at all, purely on account of design. That is why there are so few 5·5-metres in Britain, putting us at a disadvantage in this important Olympic field.

Partial remedy was provided by the introduction of the Daring Class two years ago. This is a glass-fibre hulled one-design, which conforms to the International 5·5-metre rule in other respects than her hull, and costs at least £1,000 less to build. It provides racing practice for our helmsmen and crews, the potential candidates for our next Olympic team, since the 5·5-metre class is not capable of mustering a regular racing fleet.

Such financial disadvantages are of less moment in the restricted dinghy classes, where designers have a similar scope. It costs only about a tenth of the cost of a 5·5-metre to build an International 14-footer, and even less for a Merlin-Rocket or a 12-ft. National. Owners are more willing to risk investment in new boats and new designs.

As a result, there is no shortage of craft, the classes are growing, and improved designs help to win races. The part played by design is, however, smaller in the case of dinghies. This is partly due to the fact that many times more boats have been designed and built during the longer existence of the classes, and partly to the larger fleets making for much closer competition. This increases the part played by sheer sailing ability *vis-à-vis* design.

It produces a very healthy state of affairs. In a recent team race event in which about sixty leading National 12-ft. dinghies took part, no fewer than eight different hull designs reached the semi-finals. There was also a great variety in design of sails and gear. Might this not prove that in the restricted dinghy classes it is the helmsman's and his crew's skill more than his boat that wins races? The same conclusion is also suggested by the fact that in the class several of the older designs are still winning. This happens sometimes even in the extremely design-conscious Merlin-Rocket class.

International 5·5-metres, with their spinnakers billowing, race together in one of the events of the Poole Bay Olympic Sailing Association Regatta

In play on the third green, with the rich agricultural lands of East Anglia stretching away into the distance

On the seventh green, Mrs. W. L. Smart and Mrs. P. Cannon

Mrs. B. McN. Truscott, Mrs. J. Sadler (ladies' vice-captain), and Mrs. G. N. Coulson (ladies' captain). **Right:** Mrs. W. M. Brown

Left: David Butler, playing assistant, coaches F. R. Sandbach, watched by J. A. E. Sandbach

BRITAIN'S GREAT GOLF CLUBS

GOG-MAGOG

The companionable, well-equipped clubhouse of the Gogs, as it is usually known, is situated 3½ miles south-east of Cambridge and the course is laid out on the Gog Magog Hills. The holes have their share of strong winds—it is sometimes said that the next highest point due east is the Urals—and offer a good test of golf. Although there are five short holes, of which only one is easy, the course is 6,237 yards long, with an S.S.S. of 71. It calls for accuracy from the tee, particularly at the second, which needs a drive across the corner of a 40-ft.-deep chalk pit. The greens test the most skilful of putters. As one of the driest inland courses in Britain, the Gogs is at its best in autumn.

Next in this series will be Hunstanton Golf Club in the issue of July 7

Below: Dr. R. Salisbury Woods, E. C. Atterbury, W. E. Sandbach and K. W. Bulloch, secretary

Off the west coast of Sicily, fishermen, caught in bad weather, transfer from their large boat to a smaller one to seek shelter

The fishermen, having reached a small rocky island,

FISHERMEN

The tunny fishing-boat from Trapani is rowed by the men in the same way as the Mediterranean galleys of many past civilisations

Fishermen at work

Hauling in their nets

...to prevent their small boat being swept away by the high seas

Manning their heavy ropes, the fishermen pull their boat to safety on the islet in Le Formiche

AGAINST THE SEA

To the casual British visitor to Italy, the Mediterranean is remembered as a warm, blue sea, idly lapping on the beach. But it is a sea on which storms can spring up with devastating suddenness. Many of these are caused by the sirocco, blowing from the east for two or three days at a time and raising temperatures to over 100 deg. F. To holidaymakers in Sicily, famous for its cloudless skies and mild temperatures, the sirocco is unpleasant; to Sicilian fishermen it is extremely dangerous. Their craft are not designed for heavy weather and caught in a sudden storm are at the mercy of high winds and huge waves. The dramatic photographs on these two pages are of fishermen from the West Coast of Sicily, near Trapani, caught in such a storm.

Their fishing boat is a large craft, rowed by seven men on each side, using cumbersome square-shafted sweeps. The shape of the boat and the method of propulsion is a survival of the time when the great Mediterranean maritime nations, the Phœnicians, Greeks, Romans, Carthaginians, Saracens and Turks, fought sea-battles with vessels manned by slaves rowing, often in banks. Trapani, has many centuries' history as a thriving seaport—it was fought over by the Romans and Carthaginians during the Punic Wars. Many nations have conquered and ruled Sicily. Although their reigns, despotic or lax, have left their mark on Sicilian architecture and art, they have not altered the proud, stubborn nature of the inhabitants. The fishermen from Trapani still carry on their trade in the manner of their forefathers.

To them the sea can be more despotic than ruler or brigand. In this particular incident, the fishermen embarked from the island of Favignana off the coast, with its important tunny-fishery, in fine weather. They had just left harbour when the sirocco started to blow. The swell became too great for their vessel so they were forced to steer towards a small rocky harbour on one of the Le Formiche islands. As the larger of the two boats could not risk the little harbour, her crew was ferried, group by group, to safety in the small rowing boat. This was hurled on to the rocks by a wave and the fishermen, slipping and sliding among the boulders, had a long fight to haul it up on to the beach. The next day the wind blew itself out, the boat was repaired and the fishermen went after the tunny.

Right: In calmer weather, the fishing begins. The men haul in the nets containing the tunny, directed by a leader in the centre

TRAVEL

PILGRIMS' WAY TO CANTERBURY

By **GORDON COOPER**

Picturesque houses near the cathedral in Winchester

The Surrey village of Albury, east of Guildford, was a stopping-place for pilgrims to Canterbury

During the Middle Ages the " Pilgrims' Way " that leads from Winchester (which was a capital city before London was) to Canterbury and the shrine of St. Thomas was trodden by millions of folk. This was the main route followed by those pilgrims who came across the Channel from the Continent. The old name still lives, and the memory of that famous pilgrimage of which Chaucer wrote, although his itinerary differed for it led from London to Canterbury, has not yet died out. It is also, even today, a pleasant thing to walk along the route, if only in portions, for the beauty of the countryside through which the old road runs, its historic associations and famous memories, the ancient churches and houses which lie on its course, will always attract those who love and reverence the past.

The distance between Winchester and Canterbury by the " Pilgrims' Way " is about 130 miles, and without the slightest exertion it took me under a fortnight to cover, sleeping each night in some country inn or hotel. Or, like Hilaire Belloc, you can cover sections of the route separately. Belloc made his most thoroughly and systematic attempt to reconstruct the route taken by pilgrims during the grim winter months, with frequent calls for refreshment and good conversation at pubs, and recorded his various journeys in his admirable work *The Old Road.*

I made this admirable walking tour during a perfect English May when the Kentish countryside was idyllic, with the fruit trees in blossom. Starting from the Hospital of St. Cross (just west of Winchester), where foreign pilgrims gathered on the first night prior to setting out for Canterbury and heard Mass before departing, I received the " Wayfarer's Dole " (a small horn of ale and bread) which is still issued to those who call at the porter's lodge.

The Pilgrims' Way did not necessarily follow any particular track. The medieval " tourists " tended often to break away from the direct line in order to do some sightseeing; to some wayside church, shrine or religious house. Many of these sprang up because of the requirements of the pilgrims and, apart from surviving monuments, traces of the passage of these foreign visitors can still be found in other ways.

They may, or may not, have been responsible for the edible variety of large white snails, *Helix pomatia,* commonly called Roman snails, which are found in such abundance at Albury, in Surrey, and at Charing, in Kent, as well as other places along the road, and which the Norman French pilgrims are traditionally said to have brought over with them. But the main memorials are the local names, such as Pilgrims' Lodge, Pilgrims' Ferry, Paternoster Lane, and so on, which recall the long processions of pilgrims who for 350 years after the death of Becket wound over the hills and through green lanes on their way to the martyr's tomb.

The first day's walk leads through the beautiful Itchen valley. " There are few spots in England," wrote Cobbett, " more fertile, or more pleasant, none, I believe, more healthy." New Alresford—a misnomer, for it is an ancient town—could complete an easy day's walk.

My second day's walk involved some " cheating," for finding the old track which runs parallel to the present main road, heavy with motor traffic, I took the bus to Alton, passing through the village of Chawton, where

Half-timbered houses are part of the charm of the village of Shere, in Surrey

Jane Austen lived and where she wrote some of her greatest works. A road to the right, sign-posted "Selborne," may well tempt you to visit this historic spot, the lovely home of Gilbert White.

The third day of my journey found the old road following the present main road from Alton to Farnham (another possible bus trip), a pleasant night-stop. On the fourth day I walked by way of Seale and Shoelands (taking its name from "School"—to beg) to the main road from Godalming, where a short bus trip brought me to Guildford. The fifth day, on foot, led me through some delightful countryside in Surrey to a night's lodging in Dorking, by way of Albury Park and Shere. And the following day (sixth) brought me to Box Hill and Brockham Warren, with glorious vistas all the way. Incidentally, the pilgrims nearly always followed the southern slope of the hills where the soil was driest and there was shelter from the northern winds.

A night at Redhill and then into Kent, leisurely strolling through the loveliness of this perfect countryside, with night halts at Westerham, Wrotham and Detling. At the last-named village you may have to seek a night's lodging in nearby Maidstone, easily reached by bus. Then, the eleventh day saw me at the excellent Swan Hotel in Charing, after skirting Lenham Ridge, reputed to be the coldest spot in England during the winter.

A rather confused track brought me on the last stage of my pilgrimage (eleventh day) through the charming village of Chilham, close to the quaintly-named Old Wives' Lees, a village which for some unknown reason offered a deviation to pilgrims, and then on to Harbledown. Here is the old leper-house of St. Nicholas, now an almshouse (well worth a visit), while nearby is the Black Prince's Well, given this name from an old tradition that the warrior of Crecy and Poitiers drank of its waters when he visited the hospital at Harbledown in 1357.

It is from Harbledown that the pilgrims caught the first sight of the cathedral, their goal; here they fell on their knees, for they knew that the end of their pilgrimage was almost reached. It was the hour of twilight when I looked with a long look towards that glory which had greeted for so many centuries the eager gaze of my ancestors.

Here are some useful recommendations for hotels along the way:

Alton: *The Swan.*
Farnham: *The Bush.*
Guildford: *The Angel.*
Dorking: *Star and Garter.*
Redhill: *Lakers.*
Westerham: *King's Arms.*
Wrotham: *The Moat Farm.*
Maidstone: *Royal Star.*
Charing: *The Swan.*
Canterbury: *Chaucer Hotel.*

The Pilgrim Steps in Canterbury Cathedral

BOOKS

AN EXCEPTIONAL FAMILY

The autobiography of Madame Pandit's daughter; tribute to Pasternak; Iris Murdoch's new novel heads this week's fiction

A daughter of Madame Pandit, a niece of Nehru, might well be expected to have the gifts of intelligence, vitality and more than ordinary good looks, and so it is with the author of this week's most fascinating autobiography, FROM FEAR SET FREE (Gollancz. 25s.), in which Mrs. Nayantara Sahgal writes of her youth, her childhood in such an exceptional family, her schooling in the United States, her alternations between the chosen and dedicated frugality of her parents' home and the prodigality of long visits to England and New York. This is a book not only full of historical interest: a young person's view of history in the making, but a warm and tender account of the people most important in her young life. And what people they have been: her beloved father, a devoted follower of Mahatma Gandhi; her brilliant mother, mercurial, enterprising, courageous and an appreciator of elegance and beauty; her uncle, Nehru, dynamic, dedicated and cultured. The author's life, with these influences, could not have been other than extraordinary and now with her own happy married life, she is still a traveller eager to sample the world. This high-spirited, absorbing chronicle I would have read with as much concentration and enjoyment had it been twice the length.

THE THREE WORLDS OF BORIS PASTERNAK (Robert Hale. 18s.) is intended as "a sketch for a portrait of Pasternak, the last of the giants who had their roots in the nineteenth century . . . as poet, as novelist, as political figure." It has been written by Mr. Robert Payne who, while at Liverpool University, discovered Pasternak's work and later translated his stories, publishing one of them himself. For about twenty-five years, he tells us, he felt like a voice in the desert proclaiming that Pasternak was a supreme poet and a magnificent prose writer. He thought, too, when *Doctor Zhivago* came along, that he had been vindicated at last and this new book of Mr. Payne's is, in a sense, a work of piety: an attempt to relate that sensational book to Pasternak's earlier output.

AN UNOFFICIAL ROSE (Chatto and Windus. 18s.) is Miss Iris Murdoch's new novel and, as such, a literary event which will be a subject for discussion during weeks, if not months, to come. Complex, subtle, even mysterious, the writer is dealing here, as before, with the theme of human love but it is a love without youth, without freshness, often apparently without hope: a story of personal relationships which are often unhappy or obscure or painful. As before, Miss Murdoch's intrinsic power of expression is immense, her style and even her method of story-telling very much her own. One reads on, not so much captivated as bewitched; provoked, sometimes uncomfortable and never bored. This is a considerable, one might almost say a disturbing, talent but then, as Mr. Priestley has said, there are those in need of disturbing.

YUL BRYNNER, as an Arab Nationalist leader, stars in *Escape from Zahrein*, an escape story set in the desert and made by Ronald Neame for Paramount. The film's charity première, at the Plaza, on Thursday, June 28, was in aid of the Printers' Pension Corporation

When Mr. J. D. Salinger's literary reputation was established—and firmly established—with a single story in the *New Yorker* some years ago, it was clear that an important new writer had arrived on the scene. A writer who, whether he wanted it or not, was to have an immediate influence on the writing of fiction, on style, on vocabulary and on manner; and so it has proved. Apart from his short stories, he has so far only published one novel. FRANNY AND ZOOEY (Heinemann. 16s.) is his second and it is a honey. For the great thing about Mr. Salinger's work is that whether other writers are affected by it or not we, the readers, are. He may be profound or analytical or exquisitely sensitive. Indeed, his work shows all these qualities. But it is also intensely enjoyable to read. The present book is about a brother and sister and their parents: the Glass family. The young people have their problems; the girl falls in and out of love and, gropingly, into a form of religious belief. The brother talks (he is marvellously articulate) to her or to his mother, and re-reads a long, long letter from his older brother. Another brother has, earlier, committed suicide. All the young people have been and are struggling towards forming a philosophy of their own and it is in their conflicts that the mainspring of the book has its place. But you should read it for yourself. It is an extraordinary book and, for once it can sincerely be said, difficult to lay aside.

HENRY'S WAR (Macmillan. 16s.) is by Mr. Jeremy Brooks, and is about a very private war indeed: a young man's struggle within himself to relate his own pacifist convictions to the world in which he lives. Henry, in fact, just wants to be left alone. He neither wants to discuss his point of view nor to convert others to it and if he can continue to live in his London flat and turn out successful spy thrillers, seeing his strong-minded, Aldermaston-marching girl friend from time to time and puzzle over the fact of their engagement, then he will be more or less content. But the world, and war, and the likelihood of a call-up impinge on his quiet and Henry has to make a

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John Jervis, Earl of St. Vincent, was a commanding figure in his own day, but it has to be remembered that it was the day of Nelson also, and the joint struggles of these two eminent men to keep a near-mutinous navy in fighting trim are rather overshadowed by Nelson's individual glory. Earl St. Vincent has also until now had the misfortune to have one biographer, J. S. Tucker, who marred his two-volume life with excessive eulogy, and another, Captain Brenton, who was prone to inaccuracy. Evelyn Berckman, an American writer, who has turned to original sources, especially the admiral's own correspondence and dispatch books, has now presented a new portrait of this determined leader under the title NELSON'S DEAR LORD (Macmillan. 30s.). The author has had a hard task for her hero was immersed in his profession. He added vastly to England's fame and fortune at a time when Napoleon was in the ascendant and most of the politicians were in despair. Evelyn Berckman has succeeded well in portraying a notably difficult but able man.

The history of the Swedish Royal warship *Vasa* is unique. It comprises little more than two hours' sailing time followed by 330 years lying still and silent at the bottom of the sea; no honourable encounters, no battling with storms. She never, as was intended, helped Sweden to maintain her power in the Baltic against the threatened attack of the Habsburg Empire. Mysteriously sunk without a shot in the day of her country's need, *Vasa* has now come to life again. She has been raised from the sea bed and floated into dry-dock, there

LORD ST. VINCENT

A portrait of a brilliant sailor

to be examined by the leading marine experts of our day. In VASA: THE KING'S SHIP (Cassell. 18s.) Commander Bengt Ohrelius describes the work of the *Vasa* Committee in raising and preserving this great vessel.

The archæologist of today is probing ever more deeply into the silent world beneath the sea. The rewards of such enterprise are considerable, but so are the problems. What is needed are archæologists who are divers, and divers who are archæologists; in no other way can successful submarine excavation be accomplished. Frederic Dumas, who has long experience in this important work, which has developed rapidly since the invention of the aqualung twenty years ago, describes modern submarine recording techniques in an admirable little volume entitled DEEP WATER ARCHÆOLOGY (Routledge and Kegan Paul. 14s.). One particularly interesting point made by M. Dumas is that known wrecks in the Mediterranean and other waters should be considered for classification as ancient monuments. If we fail to do this, he asserts, the present pilfering and amateur investigation of sites will continue.

Sir Roger Stevens, a former British Ambassador in Tehran, has written an admirable account of the antiquities of Persia in THE LAND OF THE GREAT SOPHY (Methuen. 42s.). Persian topography, history, religion and art come under his commanding survey in what is the work of a scholar and a lifelong enthusiast for his subject.

Henry Bamford Parkes' A HISTORY OF MEXICO (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 42s.) is an ambitious attempt to survey the Mexican scene from the Aztecs to the present day. The author's narrative style is most attractive. It is somewhat surprising to learn that this is the only single-volume history of Mexico available in English.

In writing A HISTORY OF ENGLISH ARCHITECTURE (Harrap. 25s.) Peter Kidson and Peter Murray have certainly brought their work to a hasty halt, for although they include consideration of London's Royal Festival Hall and Coventry's new Cathedral, they have altogether avoided reference to the "high-rise" buildings which are now a feature of London and other British cities. What they do stress in their survey is the extent to which new materials have complicated the architect's task since the turn of the nineteenth century. There is an interesting chapter on Sir John Soane, whose Surveyorship of the Bank of England brought him lifelong security after a bitter early struggle, and who incidentally added notably to the architecture of the City of London.

Richard Edmonds

decision. Mr. Brooks writes with a calm and mannerly style, packing a great deal of feeling into undramatic paragraphs and proving himself to be a real writer in the making.

The Earl of Lytton's novel, MICKLA BENDORE (Macdonald. 16s.), is difficult to judge by any standards but its own. The author is the grandson of Wifrid Scawen Blunt, the great-grandson of Bulwer Lytton and the great-great-grandson of Byron, facts which are not irrelevant to this, his first novel, which is in the baroque, even the Gothic tradition. Interesting in its own odd way in spite of the stilted dialogue.

Mr. MacKinlay Kantor's novel, SPIRIT LAKE (W. H. Allen. 30s.), is so long, 950 pages, and so heavy in physical fact, nearly three pounds, that it is quite a proposition to tackle without much concentration and a sturdy bookstand. Understandably, this saga of the American frontier was five years in the writing and it must be said at once that much of the history it reveals of North America in the 1850's, of the pioneers and particularly of the Red Indians, is well worth the expenditure of time, research and intellectual energy. The book is vast in scope as well as substance, poetic, often violent, imaginative, occasionally shocking and deeply serious.

SUMMER OF PRIDE (Hodder and Stoughton. 18s.) is another American novel and, in its very different way, also a saga of rural America. Elizabeth Savage has written about a big family of landowners in Idaho. Concisely, but with more than a suggestion of drama, Mrs. Savage tells their story and shows them, in their weakness and strength, indissolubly tied to a common family life. A little folksy but warm-hearted.

BLOODY INSTRUCTIONS (Crime Club. 12s. 6d.) is a detective story in the classic tradition by Miss Sara Woods, whose first novel this is. London setting, legal background of distinguished Q.C.s and briefs, and a very satisfactory first effort indeed.

Vernon Fane

AUTOBIOGRAPHER'S TRIALS

I admire the courage of autobiographers. They essay the most difficult form in all literature. The illustrious usually leave the job to others, though Churchill in 1930 achieved an autobiography of his early years without a dull sentence in 370 pages. I recall that one ebullient writer gave us his autobiography at the age of twenty-five, but the only unself-conscious autobiography I ever read was by "Doll" Liddell, "an ordinary man" but a rare autobiographer. For the difficulties are glaring. The truth, the whole truth, cannot be told. The autobiographer knows things which his biographer can never find out, but he won't and can't reveal them. These and other difficulties Lord Bessborough has grappled with in RETURN TO THE FOREST (Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 30s.), and when he writes of Stansted, his home in the Forest of Bere, he achieves a graceful style and a sincerity which good prose requires. He writes of what he knows and loves and wishes to express—the *sine qua non* of good writing.

A contrast in style may be seen when he discourses on more serious and difficult themes. I do not reject it that an A.D.C. may supply a cooler judgment on the failures of a campaign than his generalissimo, or an attaché on failures in diplomacy than his chief (having no face to save), yet there is bound to be a hesitancy then that affects the style. But Lord Bessborough—not denying dilettantism—has played, in his forty-nine years of life, many parts, by no means always as an amateur, and has travelled in many lands and met scores of interesting people; he has made a "very good stab" at an impossible task and he is more entitled than many of us to record his opinions and to table his record before memory fades.

John Gore

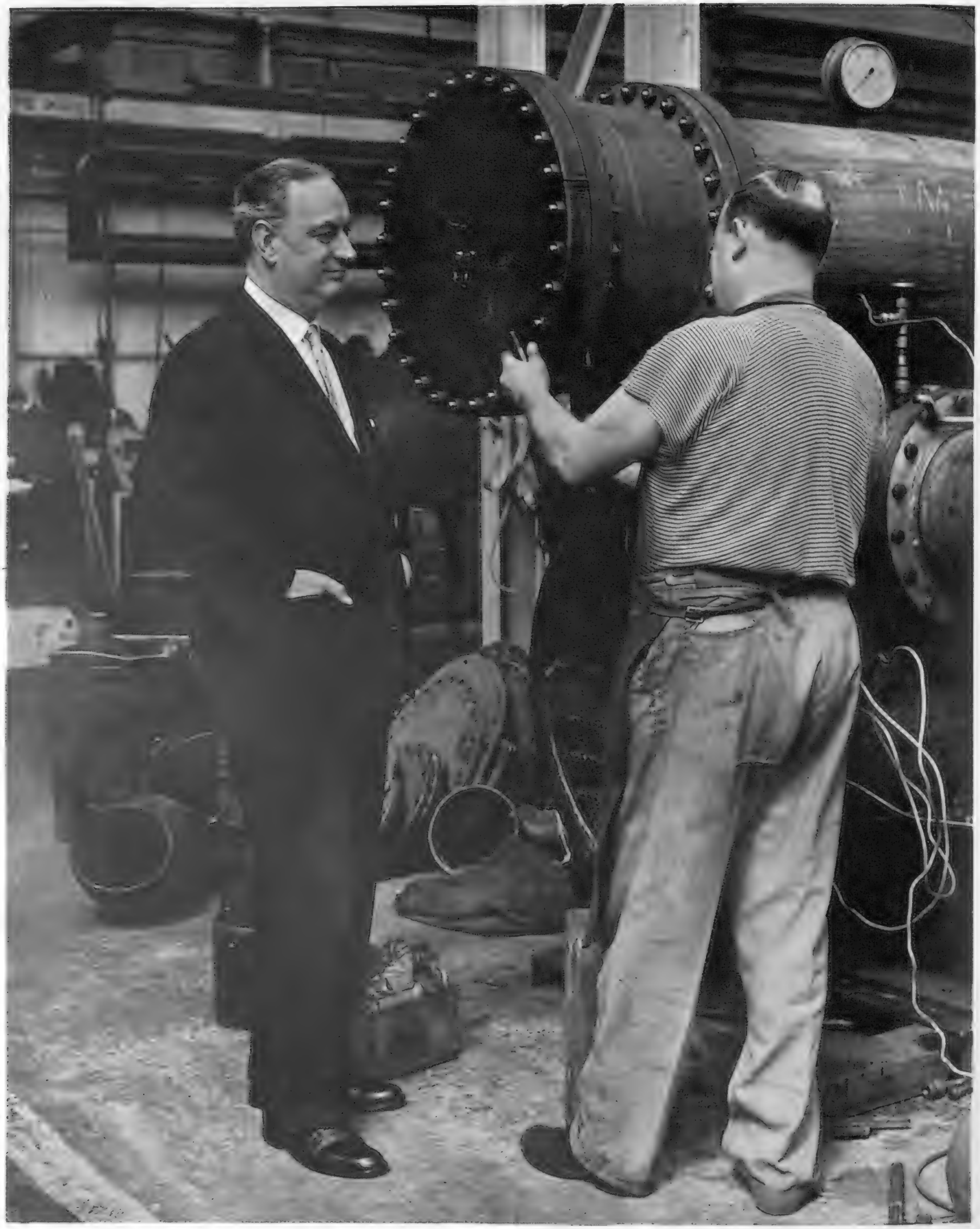
PERIOD OF ADJUSTMENT: In Tennessee Williams's comedy are Neil McCallum, Collin Wilcox and Bernard Braden

PLAYING WITH FIRE: Kenneth Haig and Sheila Allen

HIGH-CLASS COMEDY

The latest Tennessee Williams play in London, at the Royal Court Theatre, is a comedy of the marital difficulties of two young couples. In a less tortured vein than usual with the playwright, it is brilliantly acted by the small cast, led by Bernard Braden and Collin Wilcox. The Royal Shakespeare Company, at the Aldwych, now has in its repertory a double bill, consisting of *Playing With Fire*, a comedy of sex warfare by Strindberg, and Harold Pinter's *The Collection*, set in Belgravia and at times funny. Two methods of ironic humour, and two styles of acting, make the double bill more enjoyable and less confusing than expected.

THE COLLECTION: On the multiple set are Barbara Murray, Kenneth Haig, John Ronane and Michael Hordern



LEADERS OF BRITISH INDUSTRY

Photographed by Tom Hustler

R. H. Hemmings

Mr. Hemmings is this year's chairman of the British Refrigeration Association. He has been a member of the council of the association since its inception and he was previously chairman in 1953. His long association with the refrigeration industry started as a trainee in 1928. Six years later he joined York Shipley Limited (a member of the Borg-Warner group). Mr. Hemmings was appointed to the company's board in 1948 and became joint managing director in 1957. He has been photographed in the company's North London factory. Born a cockney in 1912, Richard Henry Hemmings was brought up in Kent. He has for long campaigned in support of the substantial contribution that the refrigeration industry makes in improving living standards. Among his other activities, Mr. Hemmings is a member of the Comité Européen des Constructeurs de Matériel Frigorifique and president of the Refrigeration Servicemen's Association. A seasoned traveller, he has recently been studying the manufacture of refrigeration and air-conditioning machinery in India where he has been concerned in Delhi with the formation of an associated company of which he is a director. Married with two sons, Mr. Hemmings lives in a Hertfordshire village

RADICAL REFORM FOR THE CO-OP?

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

When you want to buy something that is not openly for sale, to announce to the world that you are in the market for it might seem one of the easier ways to ensure that its owner begins by quoting a good sizable price. It has been no secret in the retailing world for some time that the Co-operative movement was interested in buying up shoe shops, of which it would like to run a chain. But just to get the message to anyone who hadn't happened to hear, one of the Co-operative leaders announced it publicly at the annual conference of this retail business-cum-political party this month.

This is not necessarily a bad way to do business; no outsider can know the then state of the negotiations for purchase in which the movement was engaged. But it is an unusual way to do business; and this, in itself, is typical of the Co-operative movement. Ever since the principle was first established in British shopkeeping in Rochdale in 1844-45, "the Co-op" has prided itself on being a characteristically different kind of retail business from the normal independent shop, department store or chain store; and on not acting simply like any other business. For many years it was pretty successful at being different. Of late, in general, it has not been; in the last five years, up to and including this month's conference, the movement has been continuously engaged in an agonising reappraisal of how its organisation—and its "brand image"—measure up to modern standards of living and buying.

Plenty of people, particularly those with an interest in the ordinary wholesale and retail trade, are very glad that the Co-operative movement is in difficulties. They dislike politics mixed up with shop-keeping, and particularly the Co-op's brand of politics. Yet conversely, Labour voters, nowadays not short of money, might be expected to support it; so political prejudice might be expected more or less to balance out one way and another in the system's trading accounts.

Looked at as a vast connected system of wholesaling and retailing, this movement is something of a puzzle to the student of industry. It contains, built into it, many of the gimmicks and advantages of large-scale organisation that in other parts of retailing zealots are only now trying to organise; it has been responsible for some pioneering in new shopping techniques, and not merely ideological ones; it possesses above all an immense potential in concentrated buying power. Nor is it short of critics within, or wholly sunk in complacency; some years ago it commissioned an independent examination of its structure and performance that was as searching as any recently carried through for any state or private large-scale enterprise, and published the report. Yet, to quote that commission, the name of the movement is often "associated with a drab, colourless, old-fashioned mediocrity"; and it can hardly any longer be classed as a growing element in British shopping.

Its experience with self-service is almost typical. It was the Co-op—one of the London societies—whose representatives were first interested enough in American self-service, at the end of the war, to try it out in Britain. To this day, the movement owns more self-service shops than any other single retailing business in the country. Yet the private supermarket groups have now caught it up in volume and are continuing to grow at its expense—partly because they offer different and more immediately tangible savings to the housewife, but mainly perhaps because they are prepared to exploit the advantages of large-scale trading as far as highly-paid and trained managers can pilot them.

Some of these young, intelligent managers outside, looking at the Co-operative movement with no favour but little political animus either, marvel both at its chances and at the limited extent to which it takes advantage of them. It has a retail turnover of the order of £1,000,000,000 a year; in many lines of goods its buying power, fully organised, would be something to conjure with. It possesses already the private brands after which some chains and buying groups are at present inclined to hanker—though whether these, at present, offer much advantage is debatable. It has wide experience in many kinds of shopping and service, from selling ribbon to delivering coal; two very large wholesaling organisations, themselves co-operatively owned by the retail societies; and a wide range of manufacturing and production facilities, some of which at least ought to contribute useful experience within its hierarchy, if nothing more.

It is only fair to add that many of these productive facilities and operations form something of an incubus upon the movement. Many were brought into being in the belief that "backward integration" from the shop to the factory offered specific economic advantages; it does on occasion but not at all generally. There were times when the Co-operative retail societies found it difficult to get supplies of particular branded goods—some manufacturers still won't agree to the payment of the traditional "divi" on purchases of their products—and some of their own manufacturing activities arose out of this. The circumstances that led to their creation may have withered away; the factories remain, many of them too small to achieve efficient manufacture yet even so under-utilised because the retail shops' demand tends to be for established private brands.

Where the system's own manufacturing is inefficient, meaning either higher cost or lower quality for the same price, the customer of the Co-ops can't be expected to want to buy its brand of any article instead of the advertised brands she knows. That makes some of the operations of the wholesale societies yet more inefficient, and weakens their total efficiency in the wholesale trading that is their basic job. The wholesale societies therefore can't pay sizeable dividends to their retail "shareholders"; and the "divi" passed on to the public, again, has shrunk.

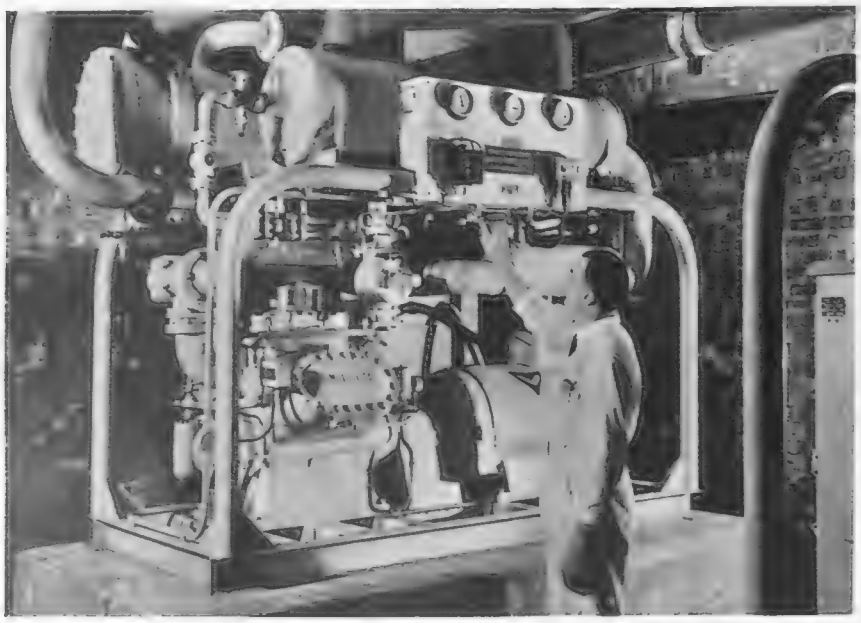
Some of the reformers in this movement are prepared to abandon most of that traditional incentive for trading loyalty on the part of the housewife; they would prefer to offer her the same kind of price-cutting that she is offered in the supermarkets, plus equally lively service. They are also keen on setting up some central ginger group for development of new shopping techniques and of kinds of retailing that need to be built up on a national rather than a retail scale. At this month's conference they gained something of a success. Whether this may belatedly fulfil the more radical of the recommendations made four years ago by the independent commission remains to be seen.

If it does, the change cannot but benefit consumers generally, whether their politics make them avoid or patronise the Co-operative shops. Increased efficiency in any sizeable sector of the retail trade increases competition and is reflected, eventually, in all the kinds of shop that manage to survive commercially. The Co-operatives succeeded for the first 100 years or so of their existence mainly because they offered some benefits of large-scale operation in a sector of the economy where the small, friendly but inefficient shopkeeper was the rule. Today, with those benefits more generalised and better organised elsewhere, they have no such obvious advantage.

The political connections of this behemoth of shopping are unlikely, in modern times, to assist it much; many would argue that its subjection of commercial management to semi-political committee rule is a central and inescapable weakness. Yet its sheer size retains a core of commercial power, which could viably undergo radical change that smaller organisations could not weather. The danger, for this traditionally radical movement is that the requisite commercial radicalism will not be forthcoming; or if forthcoming, unacceptable to the movement's conservatives.

A new Babcock jib-type travelling crane is used to position a prefabricated bulkhead unit, weighing 47½ tons, during the construction of a 50,000-ton BP tanker in the shipyard of The Fairfield Shipbuilding and Engineering Co., Ltd. Made of all-welded box construction, the crane can lift 80 tons at 90 ft. radius or 10 tons at 150 ft. radius, to a maximum height of 160 ft. The crane itself has an overall height of 280 ft.

One of three York Turbomaster Packaged Liquid Cooling Systems being unloaded for installation at the new headquarters of the Co-operative Insurance Society, Manchester. They form part of the air-conditioning system. **Below:** A 70-ton water chilling set for air-conditioning in the Carlton Towers Hotel, London, installed by Alfred Porter Ltd., part of William Douglas and Sons (Engineering) Ltd., one of the Baker Perkins group



Drikold, the brand of dry ice which is made by Imperial Chemical Industries Limited for low temperature transport of perishable goods, is cut by bandsaw at I.C.I. Billingham division

ICE-COLD INDUSTRY

By **Thomas Whittaker,**

Director, British Refrigeration Association

Temperature and humidity conditions of any part of the world are simulated in test rooms at A.E.I.-Hotpoint's research and development centre at Peterborough

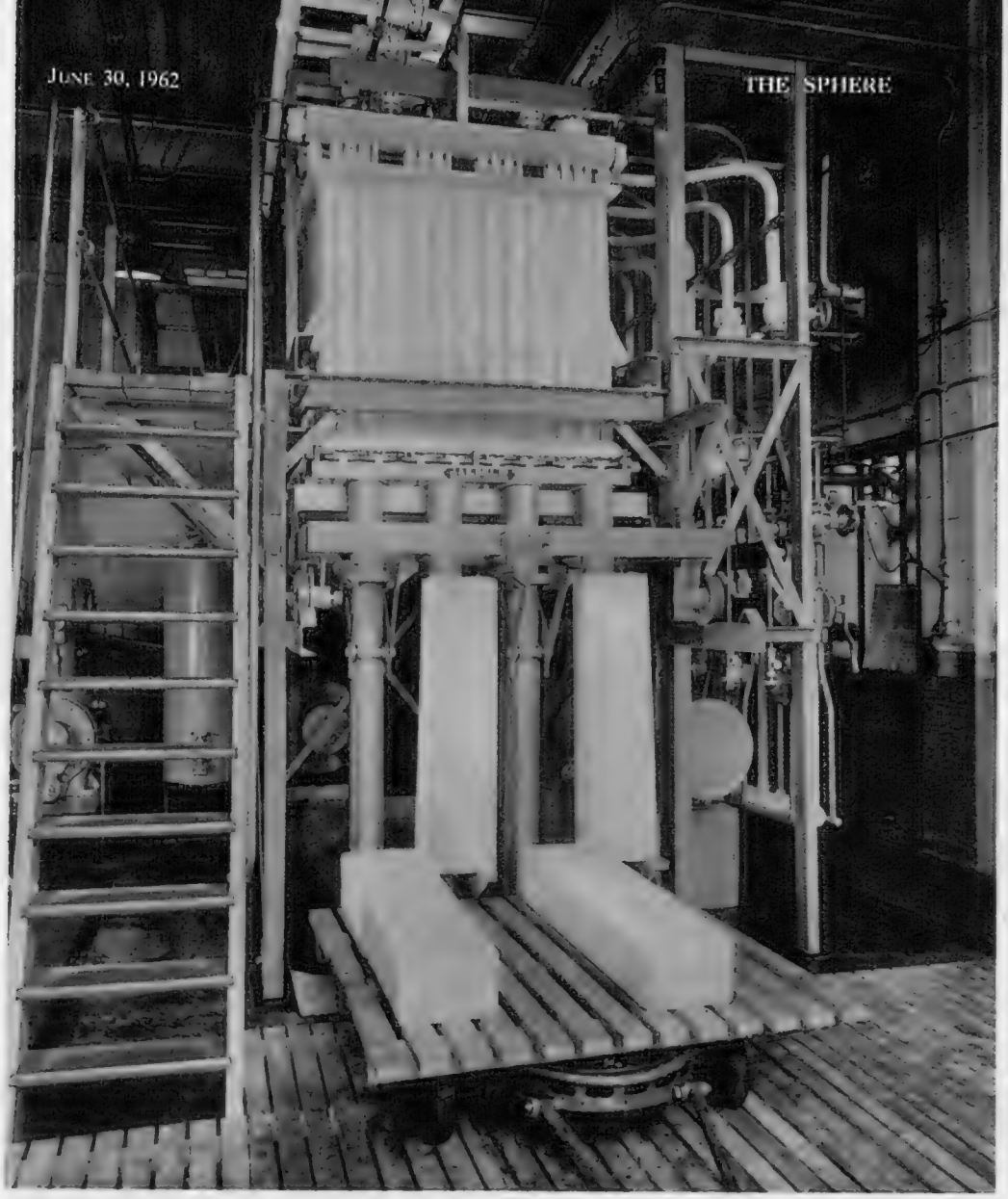
Mechanical refrigeration is a means by which we can obtain and automatically control reductions of temperature, a well-known example of its use being in the household refrigerator. Reflection for only a moment is enough to reveal the enormous possibilities that were opened to man by mechanical refrigeration. The demand for low temperatures had already been abundantly proved by the use of natural ice: until about seventy years ago a substantial international trade existed in natural ice harvested in Norway and North America, packed in wood sawdust and carried by ships even through the Tropics to Australia.

It was refrigerated storage in ships that made possible the development of New Zealand, Australia, the Argentine and Brazil as large-scale producers of food. This, in its turn, aided the massive expansion of industry and population which has occurred in countries of the Northern Hemisphere. Rarely can any one technical advance have contributed simultaneously so much to opposite sides of the globe.

The history of refrigeration is recorded in considerable detail. It began in the eighteenth century with about a hundred years of what we would now call pure research, in which period the principle of the refrigeration cycle was postulated. In 1834 a refrigeration machine using ether as the refrigerant was patented by Jacob Perkins, an American long resident in Britain, and the commercial application of the discovery started in 1869 when an Australian, James Harrison, installed a refrigeration plant in a brewery in the City of London.

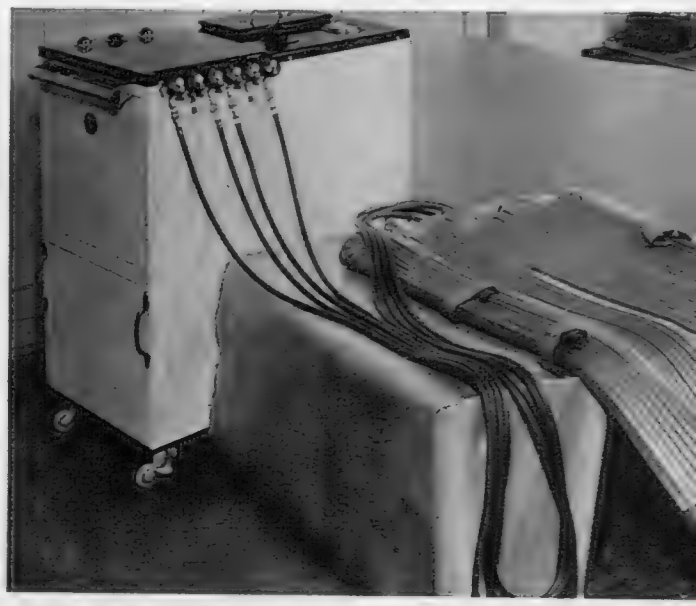
A few years later refrigeration was applied to ocean-going ships and the great international trade in fresh meat and fruit had its beginnings; the British-designed "Fairtry" series of refrigerated trawlers now promises similar possibilities for fresh fish. Such trawlers will be able to bring to market in prime condition catches from distant, including tropical, waters.

The British refrigeration industry has played a leading part in forging the cold chains made up of cooling and freezing plants, refrigerated road vehicles, ships and trains, cold stores, shop fittings and cabinets, which now mesh the globe. In addition, several countries developing their agricultural and industrial potential have been assisted in what in such circumstances is a recognised priority, the establishment of local refrigeration industries. The value of British output now

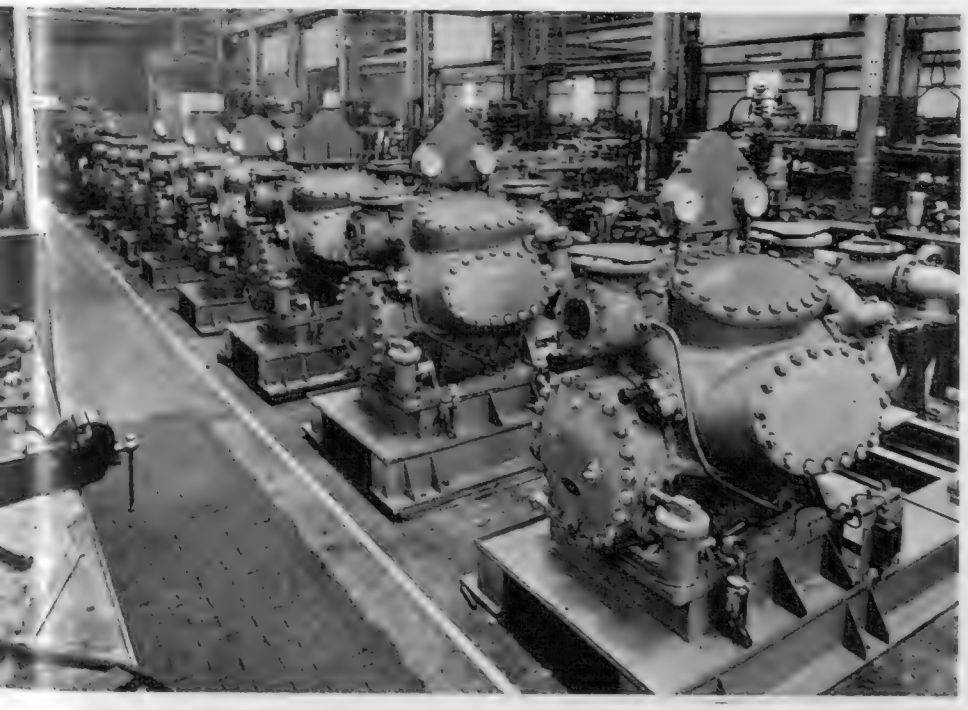


A block ice-making machine on test at the manufacturers, J. and E. Hall Limited, of Dartford. These plants can be designed with any output up to, say, 100 tons a day, and are particularly suitable for use in small fishing ports or other places where ice is required in large quantities at certain periods

A refrigerated container, made by Mann Egerton of Norwich, and exported to Las Palmas for bulk transport of ice-cream



Medical apparatus designed by Prestcold includes the Prestcold Hypothermia, which reduces body temperature to allow delicate and prolonged brain and heart operations



At J. and E. Hall's works is a line of Veebloc-type compressors of 6 and 8 cylinders under assembly. These machines are designed to absorb up to 350 b.h.p. in some applications

A deep-freeze installation which was built by Prestcold for the Nuffield Organisation and designed for the testing of cars in simulated Arctic conditions

exceeds £50,000,000 a year and of the 125,000,000 cub. ft. in the world's refrigerated cargo fleet classified with Lloyd's Register of Shipping, 69 per cent. is cooled by British-made equipment. Apart from some concentration in the South-East of England (London, Basildon, Luton, Dartford), the industry is geographically dispersed, large plants being located at Bognor, Swansea, Crewe, Glasgow and Dundee. In addition, subsidiaries have been established principally in Commonwealth countries.

The heart of a mechanical refrigeration system is the refrigerant compressor, a vapour pump constructed to very exacting standards and embodying much specialised knowledge of engineering and materials. British manufacture ranges from machines weighing only a few pounds and needing less than ½₂ b.h.p. to drive them up to machines requiring a prime mover of over 1,000 b.h.p. The demand for compressors for household and other small refrigerators justifies mass production, but above about 5 b.h.p. more individual methods begin to be the rule.

A notable improvement in the design of mass-produced compressors was the development of the sealed unit. The compressor and electric motor, instead of being separately mounted and coupled by a driving belt, are both fitted on one shaft in a small container which is charged with a lubricant and welded up. Maintenance is clearly a factory task but in practice is almost unnecessary and the distributing trade and the public have reaped great advantage from the design. So far in the United Kingdom the fully-sealed design has been successfully applied up to sizes of about 5 b.h.p. In addition, a design sealed by bolting up, which can, if necessary, therefore be opened on site, has been introduced and extended to sizes up to 75 b.h.p.

Although compression type refrigeration installations are in the great majority, the absorption type, in which the refrigerant is

(*Continued on following page*)

Ice-cream conservators, incorporating the newly-developed polyurethane foam, on the assembly line at the Frigidaire division of General Motors, before being exported to Germany

A blast freezing tunnel for broiler chickens installed by William Douglas and Sons. It freezes the birds to minus 40 degs. Fah.

An 84-ft.-length of display refrigeration made by Hussmann, of Bristol, and installed in a large supermarket in Wimbledon

ICE-COLD INDUSTRY

(*Continued from previous page*)

A Frigidaire cooler mounted in a corner (top centre) of the cellar of a public-house

circulated through the system by convection currents arising from applied heat, are mass-produced for household refrigerators and very large installations have been designed and engineered.

Insulation from the outside atmosphere is a vital part of refrigeration plant, the materials used being largely glass and other fibres, expanded plastics and corkboard. Mass producers of refrigerators insulate the cabinets in their own factories but there are fifty or probably more companies specialising in the supply of insulation materials and techniques required for special cabinets and cold stores, ships holds, vehicle bodies, and other products. Associated with the whole industry is a host of companies manufacturing components, thermostats, valves and other controls, and surrounding it is an even larger number of installation and service contractors.

Low temperatures have the effect of retarding natural processes such as ripening and decay. The greatest use of refrigeration has therefore always been in the food trades, originally in the transport, storage and distribution of foodstuffs, but now, and increasingly so, in processing such as the quick freezing of vegetables and fruit.

Refrigeration is also used as a process in other industries; in the chemical and oil industries for the liquifaction of gases; in civil engineering for cooling, and therefore quick setting of, concrete masses; in mining for freezing mud strata to permit normal methods of excavation.

Another large and expanding application is in connection with air-conditioning; in the S.S. *Oriana* the refrigeration compressors in the air-conditioning plant require a total of 2,188 b.h.p. for their operation. In such places as deep gold and diamond mines and in large buildings this figure may reach 3,000. Towards the other end of the air-conditioning scale there are self-contained units for use in the cabs of working cranes, surgical operating theatres and, to a growing and already very important extent, living quarters in hot climates.

The variety of refrigerated applications is already large and no end is yet in sight for more and more use of low temperatures. Indeed, why should it be? When man-made cold has been exploited for as many centuries as man-made heat, only then perhaps will all the possible applications of refrigeration have been realised.

Special know-how is required on the manufacturing side but obstacles on the marketing side have proved just as daunting, even to the most resourceful managements. The chief difficulty which has constantly faced the industry is the Government control, continuous and severe since 1948, of the consumer demand for mass-produced refrigerators, by purchase tax and restrictions on hire purchase. As a result, the trade in household refrigerators has consistently been attended by uneconomic results.

The chief marketing difficulty facing the engineering part of the industry concerns installation and subsequent technical servicing. Much responsibility for each resides with local contractors and there is undoubtedly a need for more of the requisite high calibre. These contractors require personnel trained not only in refrigeration techniques, but also in commercial matters and such two-sided individuals are not numerous, despite the efforts of the Institute of Refrigeration and the industry's National College.

Competition in overseas markets is intense and the controls on the home market have added to the difficulties of spreading overheads and thus of keeping export prices down. From 1948 until the end of 1961 the British industry exported 34 per cent. of its output and at the present time it is the largest refrigeration industry in Europe. If Government control of the home market could be progressively relaxed even at this late stage, the United Kingdom's entry into the Common Market would be regarded as a good opportunity for exporters and not perhaps a lost one.

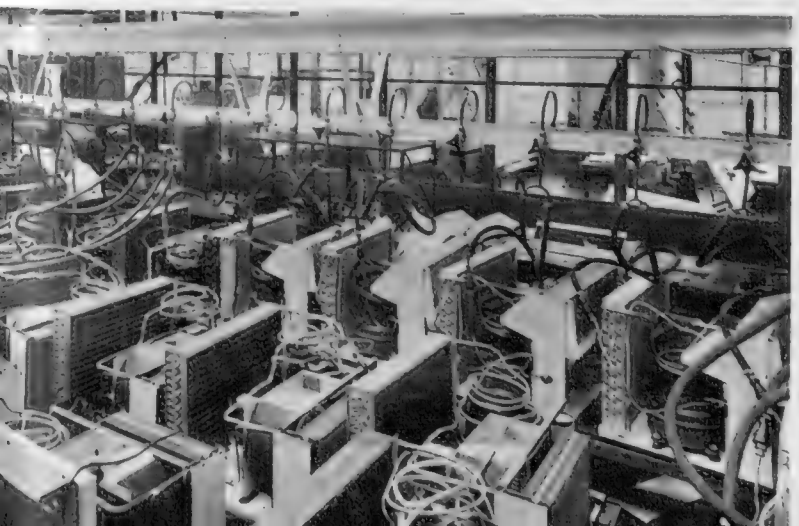
For some years the forum for discussing such difficulties was only in the shape of committees but, chiefly under the pressure of wartime conditions, these came together into what is now the British Refrigeration Association, 1, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C.2. The Association is a member of the Federation of British Industries, the British Standards Institution and various other bodies in and outside the United Kingdom, the principal policy of its Council being to promote the interests of the industry by expanding the market.

A shop window for the industry is provided by the Association in its sponsorship of the International Refrigeration Fair. It was held at Olympia in April 1962, being opened by the Hon. T. L. MacDonald, High Commissioner for New Zealand, and the next date will be in 1964.

Concerning the more distant future, although there has been much work and publicity on thermo-electric cooling which may now be near commercial exploitation, no one in the refrigeration industry anticipates any innovations which would seriously cut across the existing main trends. In the United Kingdom these will probably be, on the manufacturing side, improvements in compressor speeds, refrigerants and methods of insulation, and on the marketing side, an erratic but substantial demand for household refrigerators and a steady increase in demand for other types of refrigeration equipment. On the world scale it can safely be predicted that the demand for refrigeration equipment will continue to rise and the British refrigeration industry is determined to continue the leading part it has always played in meeting it.

Rocksil rock wool, used to insulate refrigerators, is made from a mixture of Dolomite rock and fireclay at the Stirling works of Cape Insulation and Asbestos Products Limited. The rock and fireclay are turned into fleecy fibres. **Below right:** Rocksil-K, a fine fibre version, is used to insulate refrigerators, made by Morphy-Richards (Astral) Limited

Three of the seven Model 1·5 Westair units, made by Westool Limited of County Durham, which help to maintain the correct temperature in the computer room of a British company. **Below:** Units under construction on the vacuum pump line of Tempair, the Rootes Group's air-conditioning company



INDUSTRY AND THE STOCK MARKET

STORE SUPPLIERS

By "THE SPHERE" CITY CORRESPONDENT

Among all the world's companies which have a stock exchange quotation, few have established a growth record approaching that of Marks and Spencer, the well-known store group. A recent City study places Marks and Spencer with international growth equities such as International Business Machines of the United States and Philips Lamp of Holland. Marks and Spencer's latest results for the year to March 1962 show the extent of expansion. Over the past ten years sales have more than doubled to £173,000,000, profits have trebled to more than £21,000,000 and shareholders' net dividends have more than quadrupled to over £7,000,000. For investors, this growth record has been reflected in the share price.

But Marks and Spencer are not primarily producers of clothing and food. Their success has been based on close co-operation with a relatively small group of manufacturers. In his annual statement to shareholders last month Lord Marks described co-operation with manufacturers as "unique and fruitful." Marks and Spencer's policy is to take a large proportion of a manufacturer's output—large enough to secure economies of production and control over quality, but not large enough to exclude other customers.

On these lines Marks and Spencer have built up associations with a wide range of leading suppliers in clothing and food. The firms' links with Marks and Spencer provide assured outlets which should bring useful growth over the years ahead. Probably best known among Marks and Spencer's associates is the Leicester firm of N. Corah (St. Margaret), for whom the store group are the largest customer. Corah make a wide range of knitted goods and recent expansion has carried trading profits from just over £1,000,000 in 1957 to more than £1,600,000 last year. Over this period shareholders' dividend rate has been increased by an effective 60 per cent. In 1961, Corah profits showed a slight fall, which disappointed some City forecasts. But Mr. R. L. Wessel, the chairman, told shareholders earlier this year of further expansion in jersey and knitwear production. Few of Marks and Spencer's other textile suppliers rank as large as Corah, whose assets exceed £7,000,000.

Recently reporting an improved profit trend, is the Nottingham Manufacturing group. Nottingham, directed by the Djanogly family, assumed its present business only a few years ago. Since 1958, profits have grown from £230,000 after tax to over £400,000, and shareholders' dividend has been raised from 20 per cent. to 30 per cent.

While clothing accounts for some £140,000,000 or four-fifths of Marks and Spencer's total turnover, the fastest growing sector now seems to be food. During 1961-62 Marks and Spencer's food turnover rose by £4,500,000 (a larger increase than on the clothing side) to £33,000,000. Bakery goods form a large part of food sales, supplied by most of Britain's leading food firms. But Marks and Spencer draw goods from two specialist bakery companies, whose shares deserve investors' attention. Probably the better known is Avana Associated Bakeries, a Cardiff firm whose shares have risen sharply on the London Stock Exchange over the past year or so. Ten years ago this group, now headed by Mr. I. R. Rees, was earning only £10,000 a year and paying shareholders a 10 per cent. dividend. Today, profits are running at more than £110,000 a year and the dividend has been raised to the equivalent of 90 per cent.

One other cake and roll supplier, rather smaller than Avana, is the Park Cake Bakeries group of Lancashire. Park Cake suffered a sharply-declining profit trend in the early 1950's, and shareholders' dividend had to be cut. But earnings have recovered since 1955, though 1960-61 net income was only maintained around £60,000. Results for the year ended last month may suffer from the July 1961 Budget, but profit margins should benefit from the recent decision to increase material storage facilities near the main bakery. None of these textile or food shares should be bought simply because the companies supply Marks and Spencer. Investors should satisfy themselves that each of the companies is efficient, independent of its store outlet. A Marks and Spencer link is reasonable evidence of sound industrial standing, but only efficient producers will benefit from this large customer. Having a large buyer can have its bargaining drawbacks as well as advantages.

In the City, both Corah and Avana have been recognised for some time as Marks and Spencer suppliers. Their share yields have therefore fallen to around the Marks and Spencer level. Corah shares represent an outstanding growth investment in Britain's textile industry, but the dividend yield is less than 4 per cent., while Avana offers only 3 per cent. People who are more concerned with current income could consider Nottingham Manufacturing as an alternative to Corah, and Park Cake instead of Avana. Nottingham Manufacturing 5s. shares, priced around 30s.-35s., can be bought to yield nearly 5 per cent. Park Cake ordinaries, quoted about 4s., offer some 4 per cent. These two shares could produce impressive capital growth for investors prepared to look to the medium- and longer-term.

GOOD LIVING *By Ganymede*

Time was when the husband, late home from the City, would say to his wife: "Sorry I 'm late, m' dear. I called in at the doctor's on the way home." The response to this excuse would depend on his wife's gullibility and sweet nature. For the "Doctor" referred to was not any sort of medical person, but an old, old inn in the City of London called Ye Olde Dr. Butler's Head.

King James I loved strong ale, and, not surprisingly, he was delighted when in 1616 he received free a cask of ale, prescribed for his sciatica. It was sent by William Butler, a chemistry graduate licensed by Cambridge University to practise Physic. He brewed his own "medicinal" ale and sold it at his own inn in the City of London. The grateful King made Butler a Court Physician with an honorary doctor's degree. His fame grew, and that of his ale. He continued to dispense it for many years at the inn which still stands today, bearing the name of this ingenious "Doctor of Mirth." It is one of the many traditional eating places in the City, each with its historical associations. If their history is a little thin in some cases, they have plenty of legend associated with them, and a very solid atmosphere of old age.

Dr. Johnson, for example, has his name linked with a number of these inns. He was what we would call now an inveterate pub-crawler, for did he not say "there is nothing which has yet been contrived by man by which so much happiness has been produced as by a good tavern"? His seat is still there at the Cheshire Cheese in Fleet Street, a stone's throw from where he lived. The steak, kidney and oyster pudding is still made there, probably from the same recipe.

The kitchen at the George and Vulture, Cornhill

In the old Cock Tavern, which is in Fleet Street, and claims to be the oldest chop house still in existence, you will be shown the benches used by Thackeray and Goldsmith, the James I mantelpiece, and the corner where Charles Dickens used to lunch regularly. The George and Vulture, in Cornhill, is not quite a hundred years old, but is on the site of a thirteenth-century inn where Chaucer came to drink. It was known to Shakespeare, and it was the first house to sell coffee to the public in England, in 1652. Here Charles Dickens made Mr. Pickwick find shelter when fleeing from Mrs. Bardell.

These are only a few typical examples of the old eating-houses to be found in the City of London. The "square mile" is a unique part of the metropolis, for a million people work in it during the day, and hardly anybody lives there. This means that while there is a tremendous demand for restaurants at lunchtime, silence descends at night. Caterers have to make their establishments pay on one meal a day, five days a week. With this and the extremely high value of floor space in mind, I find it remarkable how well one can eat in the City today.

For in addition to the centuries-old, small eating places, there are many larger and more recently established houses. Some of these date back only to the Victorian age of expansion and prosperity, such as the Abercorn Rooms at the Great Eastern Hotel, with its magnificent gourmet restaurant called the Beaufort Room. Pimm's Red House in Bishopsgate caters for several different types of clients. For those in a hurry—and City gentlemen often say they are—the ground floor is devoted to "snacks" (soups, sandwiches, cold dishes, etc.) which you can consume in ten minutes standing up or perched on a bar stool. Below ground there is a "cosy" grillroom and a few more restaurants on the upper floors, where you can eat in great comfort and have first-class table service.

In all the City restaurants the food and cooking is basically of a similar type. In general, there is no attempt at *haute cuisine*, everything depends on the top quality of the raw materials, and this suits the taste of most customers, who very largely are men of business. Shellfish in season; simple but good fish dishes, roast meat, grills, poultry, traditional English dishes such as boiled silverside and pease pudding or steak and kidney pie and pudding, vegetables simply boiled, cheeses, including noble Stilton excavated like a quarry, form the backbone of the menus to the entire satisfaction of caterers and clients alike. Beer is the most popular drink in the City, but the habit of wine-drinking is spreading, as witness the growing and improving wine lists.

A more recent trend in City eating for top-level executives is represented by some new and very luxurious restaurants opened in the last few years by Mecca Ltd.

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MOTORING

OUR OVERCROWDED ROADS

It is calculated that Britain has one vehicle for every 35 yards of road

By **COURTENAY EDWARDS**

Britain's 195,000 miles of road are the most crowded in the world. So says the British Road Federation in presenting the 1962 edition of its useful shilling booklet entitled *Basic Road Statistics*. In a mass of statistical information about vehicle populations, accidents, exports, taxation and new legislation the reader comes across facts and figures that stagger, mystify and frighten.

There is, for instance, the statement that in Britain there is one vehicle for every 35 yards of road, street and country lane. Here is an item of information that must surely bring joy to the heart of every oil company shareholder and consternation to the soul of every private motorist who finds himself getting less and less pleasure from weekend driving. Speaking personally, it would not be so bad if all Britain's 10,500,000 motor vehicles (including nearly 6,000,000 cars) did not make a habit, seemingly, of hitting the trail whenever *I* am out driving. Even that might be tolerable if they all kept to their own 35 yards and did not crowd round me so!

With more than thirty-six vehicles (excluding those with only two or three wheels) for every mile of road, Britain's highways are busier than those of any other country. Next come West Germany, the Netherlands, Sweden, the U.S. and Italy in that order.

Great Britain is spending £1,000,000,000 a year on buying and running cars and motorcycles—according to the Government publication, *National Income and Expenditure, 1961*—and the Roads Campaign Council points out that compared with an annual expenditure of £20 per head of population under this item the Government plans to spend less than two guineas per head on new roads and major improvements between 1963 and 1968.

The new Renault R8 four-seater, rear-engined saloon

Renault of France know the way to launch a new model. They take motoring writers of many different nationalities in small groups to an attractive corner of the Continent to try out their new products in relative secrecy, in beautiful surroundings and over roads that test all aspects of the car's performance. To introduce their new R8 four-seater, four-door, rear-engined saloon they flew us to Madrid. Over three days I drove the R8 hundreds of miles in central Spain, visiting such interesting old places as the walled city of Avila and Segovia, with its fantastic Roman aqueduct.

The R8 is an attractive little car in which the curves of the 750 and Dauphine have been replaced by the square, sharp lines of contemporary styling. As this is not a replacement of the Dauphine I am surprised the new car is not more roomy. Renault describe it as a four/five-seater but although it is more commodious than the Dauphine it calls for sardine-tin technique to accommodate three full-sized adults on the back seat.

This latest Renault shares many of the mechanical features of the new Floride and Caravelle, including a 956-c.c. engine with five-bearing crankshaft, a radiator mounted behind it with dust-defying air intake in the tail, rack and pinion steering with a higher ratio than that of the Dauphine, disc brakes all round, a new front axle in which spring-loaded ball joints replace the normal king pins, diaphragm clutch and, at the back, tie rods which run forwards to give additional location of the half-shafts.

It is a lively car with only a moderate petrol thirst, though in the party of which I was a member the m.p.g. figures on a test run of about 200 miles varied between 29·75 and 35·9. One of the cars I tried had an unpleasant vibration in the back doors. I liked the space-saving interior door handles, the horn (you press harder for a louder note) and the easy operation of the diaphragm clutch. The new Renault will not be available in the United Kingdom until about the middle of September and until that time the price in Britain will not be known.

After reading my recent reference to the new Channel Air Bridge long-range car ferry service between Southend and Strasbourg a *Sphere* reader has written asking how the cost of taking a car on holiday on one of these "deep penetration" services compares with: (*a*) flying by ordinary air service and hiring a car on arrival; and (*b*) flying a car across the Channel on the cheapest service and driving across northern France.

Let us suppose the destination is Geneva, one of the other places served by the Channel Air Bridge long-range services (the other being Basle). Assuming the car is 14 ft. 6 ins. long, that you start from Southend with two passengers and drive 1,600 miles in addition to the 900 miles to Geneva and back, the comparative figures are: long-range car ferry, £140; scheduled air service and car hire £205 17s.; driving your own car across France £78 9s.

I have assumed that thirteen days are spent abroad and I have not included any proportion of the annual standing costs of running a car. As few motorists like to drive more than 400 miles in one day, even on the Continent, I have included an *en route* night stop in the case of a car driven across France. I have allowed a modest 30s. a head for each of the three travellers for hotel and breakfast, plus a total of £6 for other meals.

This, in brief, is how the totals are made up: long-range ferry: charge for car £34; fares for driver and two passengers £90; petrol for 1,600 miles, £16; total £140.

Air and car hire: three tourist air fares to Geneva £90; car hire, 13 days and 1,600 miles £31 4s.; basic plus mileage charge £64; insurance £4 13s.; petrol £16; total £205 17s.

Driving across France: air ferry charge for car £23; fares £19 4s.; petrol to Geneva and back £9 15s.; hotel £4 10s.; meals £6; petrol for touring £16; total £78 9s.

Mr. Charles Liebman, U.K. representative of Les Amis des Routiers, membership of which confers special benefits when using France's famous Relais Routiers, tells me that British membership of Les Amis now totals 2,000 and that new members are being enrolled at the rate of fifty a week. The Relais (of which there are 4,500 altogether) are not hostels but the nearest thing in France to a good country pub. They were established to serve the needs of French lorry drivers, who are fussy about their food and wine.

These modest, colourful restaurants (many of which also have overnight accommodation) offer a good three-course meal for six francs, which is about 8s. 6d., including service and a carafe of *vin ordinaire*. Les Amis publish an annual guide listing every Relais. It is free to members (who pay an annual subscription of £2 2s. and get special discounts on meals and rooms) but can be bought by non-members for 17s. 8d. including postage.

The makers of the Bond Minicar have introduced an attractive estate car version of their famous three-wheeler. It costs £395 (or £11 more with the Siba reversing device), is powered by a 250-c.c. Villiers two-stroke engine, cruises at 45-50 m.p.h., does 70 m.p.g., has a cargo capacity of 40 cub. ft. behind the front seat and a rear door which hinges upwards to give a generous loading aperture 3 ft. square. The back seat accommodates two small children, can be removed altogether for load carrying or can be hinged flat to serve as a children's bed. The body is of light alloy and glass fibre. A delivery van version costs £325. The Bond saloon, which continues in production, has a price tag of £389 in its simplest form.

I recently had a pleasant day out in the sun testing Pirelli's newest tyre—the high-speed Cintura, which permits continuous driving at speeds of up to 150 m.p.h.—at the excellent test track at Chobham, Surrey, of the Fighting Vehicle Research and Development Establishment. Construction of the Cintura HS is based on that of the standard Cintura, which is safe for continuous cruising at speeds up to 125 m.p.h., but the high-speed version (production of which is due to begin soon at the Pirelli factory at Burton-on-Trent) employs a nylon casing in place of rayon.

Pirelli claim that the design and construction of their Cintura range reduces rolling resistance and helps the tyre to resist side stresses. "The tyre rolls and never drags," claimed an official. "This minimises distortion—an important factor in tyre life, easy steering, cool and silent running and road holding."

Briefly. . . . Insulex Ltd., whose insulated picnic bag has been a boon to many motorists, announce a new insulated box measuring 16 in. by 12 in. by 9 in. and costing 45s. 6d. Made of a new plastic material containing millions of tiny air pockets, the Insulex box keeps food cold and fresh for up to 24 hours.

(*See also page 532*)

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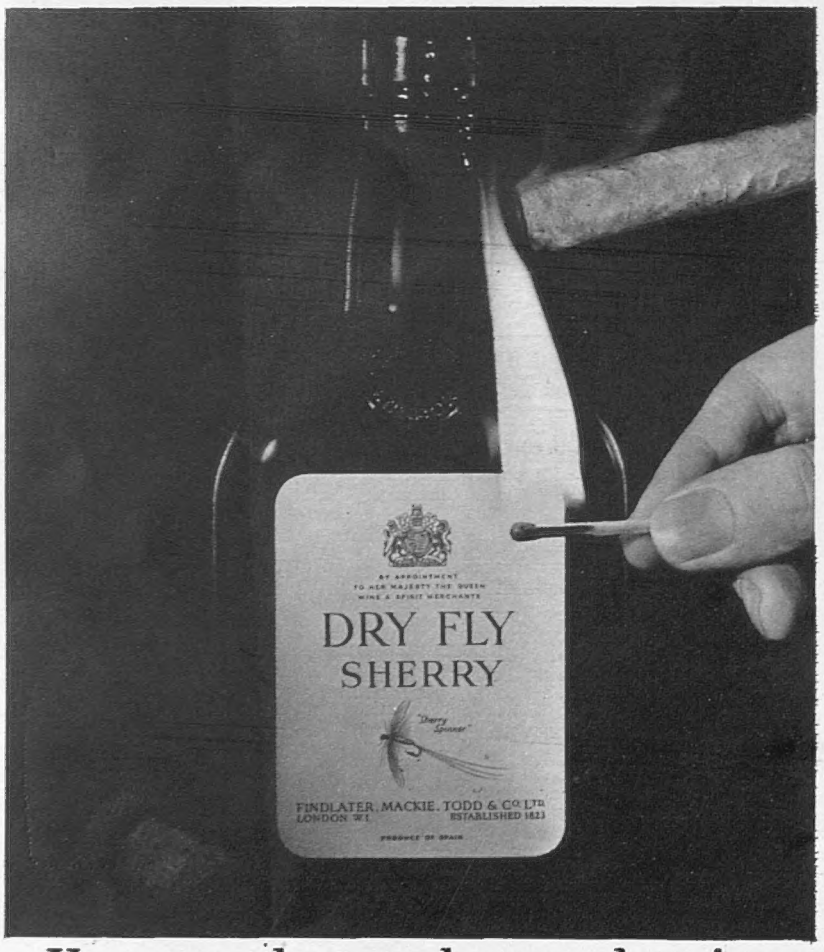

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THE MOTOR INDUSTRY AT WORK

Right:
During tyre testing near the Pirelli factory at Burton-on-Trent, a Vauxhall VX/490 is driven in a tight circle on the test track

Stowing luggage in the rear of the new Bond estate-car three-wheeler

A Humber Super Snipe saloon, one of the exhibits on the Rootes Group stand at the recent Poznan Industrial Fair in Poland

Mr. William Swallow, chairman and managing director of Vauxhall Motors, enters a B.E.A. helicopter to fly from the company's factory at Luton to Maidstone to open new premises built for Drake and Fletcher Limited, Vauxhall/Bedford dealers

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IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 13-15, John Adam Street, London, W.C.2.*

IRELAND OF THE WELCOMES. What an apt title for the bi-monthly magazine issued by Bord Failte (the Irish Tourist Board). We experienced these welcomes in the streets, the shops, on the telephone and from the management and staff of the hotels we visited in late April and May of this year.

Here is a digest of part of our fortnight's tour. We took the short sea crossing from Stranraer to Larne, firstly because we could annihilate time and distance by booking a sleeper overnight from Euston, and secondly because we had arranged for a self-drive car (it is cheaper than taking one's own for a fortnight or less) and, more importantly, *one can cross the Border from Northern to Southern Ireland in a self-drive car hired in Northern Ireland, but not if one was to hire a car in the South!* Roll on Common Market may be your thought.

Our first halt southwards was for lunch at *Ballymascanlon Hotel,* a mile off the main road, two miles north of Dundalk. Here we met clear evidence of the Irish Republic's progressive attitude towards the development of tourism. Here, as in other hotels, grants have been made towards extension and modernisation, and no one is better qualified to take full advantage of the facilities offered than Mrs. J. H. Quinn and her two hotelier-trained sons. We viewed the new kitchens, cocktail lounge and an entirely new wing of bedrooms, many with bathrooms *en suite,* charmingly furnished and decorated, and with picture-window views of mountains and the surrounding hotel grounds.

Travelling south along a well-metalled highway we were conscious of the fact that there were few motorists beyond ourselves until we reached the environs of Dublin, where we headed for that great hotel of traditional hospitality, the *Shelbourne.*

Ensconsed in our room No. 416 we were able to appreciate the way in which an old building has been transformed to modern needs. Our private bathroom was sumptuous, an ante-room off it acted as dressing-room and storage space for luggage. The beds could be completely curtained off to provide a comfortable sitting-room and from the room service card at our bedside telephone we were invited and encouraged to ring for snacks and drinks at any time of day or night.

Next day we visited the *Gresham Hotel,* where eagle-eyed Toddy O'Sullivan, managing director of the Gresham, took us over the new wing, as sumptuous and spacious as the existing building. He told us of the penthouse suites in course of construction, showed us the enlarged garage and the area being devoted to the adjoining technical college for hotel training; as a result the *Gresham* will be as large—if not larger—than the new *Hotel Dublin* in rapid course of erection at Ball's Bridge.

We thereafter lunched in the chic surrounds of the *Royal Hibernian Hotel,* where Mr. Kenneth Besson had just about completed a long-term plan of making the hotel pleasing to the eye, comforting for the body and, like it's sister hotel, *The Russell,* gastronomically excellent.

Dublin, for its size, must surely be, in hotel development, one of the most progressive cities in Europe and we were glad to visit two of our smaller and consequently lower-priced recommendations—*Buswell's,* at the corner of Kildare and Molesworth Streets, and the *Ivanhoe,* in Harcourt Street, both looking as immaculate as ever.

It takes but little time to reach the open country and for those who prefer to dwell outside the city they might well follow in our car tracks and stay at *Glenview Hotel,* Glen of the Downs, twenty miles out, which stands on a plateau high above the main Dublin/Wexford road. Here we lunched in a large picture-windowed restaurant, which in layout, design and scenic view reminded us of Switzerland. Here Mr. and Mrs. J. H. McCarthy have, since last year, with commendable foresight, added a battery of new bedrooms and private bathrooms, and enlarged their bar and restaurant to cope with the increasing attraction that *Glenview* has for non-residents.

An alternative choice about the same distance from Dublin would be *La Touche,* at Greystones, which David Fitzgerald, aided by his wife, backstage, manages so competently and unobtrusively.

Our next stopover southwards was *The Strand Hotel,* Rosslare, Co. Wexford, and a very satisfying two days we spent there. A family hotel of sound stock, Mr. and Mrs. W. Kelly have all the right background and flair. As a seaside holiday headquarters, *The Strand* is about as satisfying as one could hope for. Three miles of sand, 18-hole golf course, and so much detailed anticipation of young parents' requirements that the month of June is entirely reserved for parents with children of non-school age. They would be equally welcome in May, when, if weather conditions were as this year, no place could be more perfect. Would that we could have added a decimal to our two nights and made it twelve!

Motorists in transit should also note hereabouts the *Talbot,* Wexford. A surprisingly modernly-equipped hotel in this old-world town.

Though we followed the coast road from Wexford to Cork, we savoured disappointment, and on another occasion should make for Ireland's south-west, via New Ross, Kilkenny, and so on to the main Dublin/Cork road. Our objective for a meal, or, better still, for a night of tranquil repose, would be the *Cashel Palace Hotel,* Cashel, Co. Tipperary, where we were one of the first visitors on its opening as an hotel on May 7 last. It has been restored lovingly, furnished sumptuously and has a delightfully pleasant and private view of the famous Rock of Cashel (floodlit on summer evenings). Doubtless, too, it will attract gastronomes to dine and wine, for Lord and Lady Brocket are connoisseurs in the arts of good living.

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